

EDITION DE LUXE

No. 764

JULY 19, 1884

THE GRAPHIC.

AN

ILLUSTRATED

WEEKLY

NEWSPAPER.



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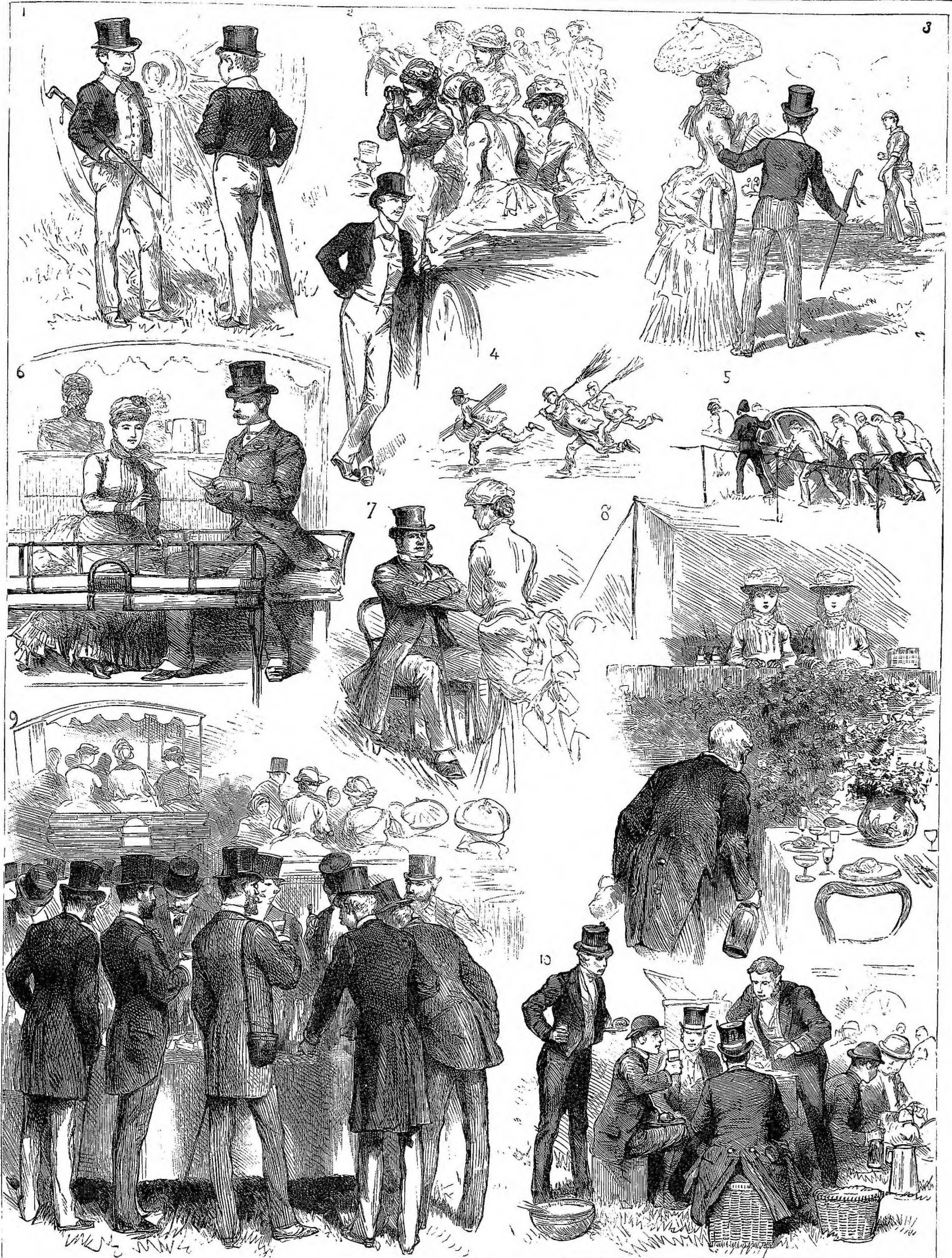
THE GRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

NO. 764.—VOL. XXX.
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DE LUXE

SATURDAY, JULY 19, 1884

WITH EXTRA SUPPLEMENT [PRICE NINEPENCE
By Post Ninepence Halfpenny



1. "Mistake They Make Picking Out Hulking Fellows."—2. "Don't Fret, Constance; You See, We Have the Best Eight on the River."—3. Hero-Worship: "There, Maud, That's the Highest Score Made Yet. Wouldn't You Like to Marry Him?"—4. End of Second Innings: Rush of Sweepers, Ropers, &c.—5. Kunning Up the Big Roller.—6. Saving Appearances: "I Say, We Must Clap Sometimes."—7. Effect of the Sun and Lunch: "Bravo, Eton; Doing Well, Eh?" "Not Very, Pa." "Dear Me! I Must Have Dreamed It."—8. Over the Garden Wall.—9. The Gentlemen's Ten Minutes.—10. Jeames's Half-Hour.

NOTES AT THE ETON AND HARROW CRICKET-MATCH

Topics of the Week

LORD SALISBURY'S LEADERSHIP.—Although the agitation against the House of Lords is not likely to lead either to its abolition or to any vital change in its constitution, many Conservatives must have begun to doubt whether Lord Salisbury has been guiding them wisely. He has created a vast amount of unwholesome excitement; and, after all, it is certain that the House of Lords will sooner or later have to accept the Franchise Bill. No reasonable excuse has ever been offered for the course he has chosen to adopt. He insists that the Franchise Bill and the Redistribution Bill should go together; and the Government itself admits that, if this were possible, it would be best. But Mr. Gladstone holds that it is not possible, and almost every impartial observer agrees with him; for all the world knows how easy it is to obstruct a complicated measure, and a Redistribution Bill would necessarily be one of the most complicated measures that could be laid before Parliament. What are the terrible consequences which would ensue if the Franchise Bill were passed, and if it were afterwards found that a Redistribution Bill could not be submitted to the present House of Commons? To say that agricultural labourers would everywhere vote with the Radicals is a mere assumption; it is at least as likely that the majority of them would support the classes with whom they are brought into most direct contact, and who are certainly not favourable to revolutionary schemes. But, if the Franchise Bill were passed, a Redistribution Bill would be introduced without delay; and it would be of a far more moderate character than any Redistribution Bill which is likely to be presented by a Liberal Minister hereafter. Altogether, the arguments on the Liberal side are irresistible; and the chances are that, before the contest is over, Lord Salisbury will find that he has seriously damaged his own position. The Tories have seldom had a more dashing chief; but of prudence and foresight—homelier, but certainly not less necessary qualities—he has lately given no sign.

QUARANTINE.—The direct consequences of the cholera visitation are hard enough to bear; but these miseries are greatly intensified by the panic which prevails among the populations of the Southern European countries. In times past several of the great cities of this island have suffered severely from cholera; but no such wholesale exodus of the inhabitants took place as has occurred at Toulon and Marseilles. This flight of the well-to-do classes necessarily inflicts immense suffering on the poor, for trade is paralysed, and the ordinary demand for labour almost ceases. Then the ordinary Continental system of quarantine, which British experts declare to be not only illusory as a safeguard against epidemic disease, but positively mischievous—this, too, both directly and indirectly, works a vast amount of wretchedness. Independent of the inconvenience and risk caused to travellers by penning them up for days together in crowded and dirty lazarettos, the mere name of the quarantine suffices to scare away the British holiday-seeker from the Continent. He absolutely dreads the quarantine more than the cholera, because the latter, he hopes, is probably a remote contingency; whereas the former, at all events in such countries as Spain and Italy, is a very certain danger. Unless the cholera should speedily abate, and the quarantine regulations undergo a corresponding relaxation, it may be safely prophesied that some thousands of tourists who ordinarily would visit the Continent will stay at home. This implies, of course, a corresponding loss to the inhabitants of these "playground" countries, where the advent of the tourist is an event of as great importance as the advent of the herring is to the natives of the lands bordering the German Ocean.

THE HEAD-MASTERSHIP OF ETON.—The Governing Body of Eton will on Monday elect a new Head-Master, and it is expected that their choice will fall on the Rev. Edmond Warre. The appointment of this popular master would be an event of interest to others besides Etonians, for the influence which Mr. Warre has exercised over Eton during the last twenty-four years has spread far beyond the limits of the school. The capital crews which Eton has sent to Henley since 1860 have all been trained by Mr. Warre; and this means a good deal, for a man must have a very intelligent love of boys to give up the best of his summer evenings year after year in order to coach them in rowing, and he must be gifted with an unusual amount of tact and charm in manner for boys to accept his proffered mentorship. In old time the boating set at Eton was a fast set; when Mr. Warre came he quietly set himself to abolish the roystering practices which had got associated with aquatics, and this he did without calling penal edicts to his assistance, but by sheer force of patience, good-humoured advice, and diplomacy in the management of school-boy character. Having made Eton oarsmen steady in every sense, he has been able to watch the effect of their good example upon the Universities, whence again it has radiated through all the rowing circles of the country. Mr. Warre has now fairly earned his promotion to the Head-Mastership, and it so happens that no competitor can urge claims of any sort superior to his. When a boy at Eton he won the Newcastle Scholarship and the

"pulling;" at Oxford he got a First-Class in classics, a Fellowship at All Souls, and rowed in the University crew. A man of handsome presence, cheerful voice, warm heart, and excellent judgment, he has always been a boy's hero, and he is one of those men who, like Dr. Arnold and the late Bishop Selwyn, remain boys themselves all their lives, and are regarded by the youngsters under them as respected elders, indeed, but as friends.

RADICALS AND THE HOUSE OF LORDS.—The nominal object of the political agitation which has already begun is to force the Lords to accept the Franchise Bill, but its real aim seems to be to secure some fundamental change in the constitution of the House of Lords. At all events this is the subject which has received the greatest prominence in the meetings which have hitherto been held; and, if we may judge from the tone of Mr. Bright's speech at the meeting of the Liberal party presided over by Mr. Gladstone, it is the question in which the Radical leaders are most deeply interested. It is natural enough that the demand should be made in a time of intense political excitement, but it may be doubted whether, for their own sakes, the Radicals are acting wisely in raising so great an issue. They constantly assume that Radicalism and Liberalism mean the same thing, but there is not the slightest evidence that this assumption is correct. On the contrary, it is certain that a large number of Liberals, while eager to support the cause of domestic reform as it has been presented by successive Liberal Ministries, strongly dissent from some of the principles which Radical politicians have always maintained. Whether rightly or wrongly, these less "advanced" members of the Liberal party contend that on the whole the House of Lords is a useful element of the Constitution; and there can be little doubt that if the question became one of practical politics they would in this matter follow Mr. Goschen rather than Mr. Bright. It is even possible that many Liberals would go over to the Conservatives, since they would argue that a successful attack on the House of Lords would inevitably lead to an attack on other institutions about the value of which they are still more decidedly convinced. The Radicals would therefore do well to reflect whether they are likely to promote their own interests by the policy to which they are now committing themselves. So long as they merely demand that the Franchise Bill shall be passed, their footing is sure; but in going further they may do indefinitely more damage to their friends than to their opponents.

THE FOURTEENTH OF JULY IN PARIS.—It is scarcely to be wondered at that the celebration was rather tame. Half-way through July in ordinary seasons Parisian "society" has betaken itself to rural retreats or bathing resorts, and this year the exodus has been increased by the dread of cholera. That dread weighs on the spirits of those who are compelled to stay in town, and when to this is added the fact that the Republic arouses but little enthusiasm among the West-end tradesmen (who sighingly regret the flesh-pots of the Empire), while it is not Red enough to please the Belle-villians, no surprise need be felt that the rejoicings were somewhat spiritless. In the only instance where some spirit was displayed, it was unfortunately of a rather untoward character. We refer, of course, to the forcible removal of the German flag from the Continental Hotel, and to its sacrifice before the Strasburg statue. In some quarters the importance of this incident has been exaggerated. It is absurd to suppose that the German Government would formally demand satisfaction for such an ebullition. But of course Prince Bismarck takes note of it. It shows him that the spirit of the "Revanche" still lives. It would be a wonder if it did not. Thirteen years is but a span in the life of a nation. How should we feel if Wales had been forcibly annexed in 1871 by a foreign Power who at that time was irresistible? Should we not dream and scheme about getting it back again? All the same, if the War of Revenge must come, sooner or later, we fervently pray that it may come later.

MARKSMEN.—The shooting at Wimbledon has been very good this year, and the increase in the number of valuable prizes keeps up the total of first-rate marksmen to an always ascending figure. Of course it is complained that the same names are seen too often in the prize lists, and that, in fact, some men make regular incomes out of their rifles, and leave little for non-professionals to win. But it is precisely because marksmanship may become so lucrative that we see so many Volunteers try to attain proficiency in it. In Switzerland, where almost every village has its Tir, it is a long-standing grievance that a few dozens of marksmen go about from meeting to meeting carrying off all the good prizes, and discouraging local champions. However, attempts to remedy this state of things have never been found to yield good results—but the contrary. At Wimbledon there is a point which one would like to see better kept in view than it has been of late years—namely, that the meeting is a military one, and that the Volunteers ought to shoot in the uniforms and equipments which they would wear in action. The latitude as to dress has become far too great, and gives the Camp somewhat the aspect of a slovenly lounge. Bearing in mind for what purpose Volunteers are enrolled, it is of more importance to the country that a man should be able to score fifty, shooting upright or kneeling, with his regimentals

on, than that he should score sixty by sprawling on his back and in flannels, with an umbrella over his head, a screen in front of him, and a rest for his rifle.

A REFORMED HOUSE OF LORDS.—Notwithstanding all the bitter things that have been said about the House of Lords during the last week or two, it is difficult to understand what its opponents really want. So far as can be made out, nobody of any importance asks that the Upper House shall be abolished. Even the most sanguine Radicals perceive that this could not be easily effected; and most of them seem to hold that, as a second Chamber is necessary, it would be undesirable to create a wholly new Senate. What, then, are the changes in the constitution of the House of Lords which would render it, in the opinion of Radical politicians, a satisfactory Assembly? To take from it the right of veto, as Mr. Bright proposes, would really be to destroy it, for no influence of any kind could belong to a Chamber deprived of the power to resist the House of Commons. The only practical suggestion which has been offered is that the House of Lords shall in some way be made elective; and it is not at all clear that this scheme would be favourable to the cause of rational progress. In its new form the Upper House would still be essentially Conservative, and it would have far more power than it has now. As it is at present constituted, it cannot oppose the House of Commons for a very long time; it is obliged to submit as soon as the will of the nation has been unmistakably declared. But if it were elected (the electors being, of course, different from those represented by the Lower House) it might be of a less yielding temper. It would then have some excuse for maintaining that its opinions were in accordance with the wishes of the most reasonable portion of the community; and so it might offer a really formidable opposition to the demands of the Commons. That would scarcely be an improvement on the present state of things, and the fact is likely to be pretty generally understood when the question begins to be seriously discussed.

IRISH FACTIONS.—The difficulty of granting local self-government to Ireland is illustrated by some of the results of the Twelfth of July celebrations. It may be presumed that not even Mr. Gladstone is in favour of turning the Orangemen, and indeed the Protestants generally, out of Ireland, bag and baggage, yet, short of this heroic remedy, it seems difficult to discover how the public peace would be kept if the "English garrison" were withdrawn. Indeed, this fact is exemplified by what actually occurred. In Ireland itself, where soldiers and constables abound, the peace was preserved fairly enough, but at Cleator Moor, in Cumberland, where there is a large Irish colony, a sanguinary riot took place. It seems probable that in this case the Romanists were the aggressors, as they appear to have deliberately lain in wait for the Orangemen, but, on the other hand, the Orangemen have a strong infusion of the national pugnacity, or they would never have held this meeting, which they well knew would be provocative of a row. Indeed, it would seem that wherever the Irish element is located, the spirit of faction makes itself visible. Only the other day, near the Regent's Park, several apparently respectable young Irishmen and Irish women set upon an unfortunate man and beat him unmercifully, having mistaken him for a person who had been lecturing against Roman Catholicism. And in Newfoundland, where a strong Irish element exists, and where Protestants and Roman Catholics are pretty evenly balanced, a really terrible state of affairs prevails, though little has been heard of it over here. Churches have been sacked, wayfarers desperately maltreated, and crews of vessels refused harbourage, and consequently forced to put out into a stormy and icy sea. These are deplorable events, yet they have their consoling side. They exhibit a population which is pugnacious, but not degraded; which is interested in matters which are neither trivial nor vulgar, although the interest is apt to be displayed in rather a barbarous fashion.

MINDING ONE'S OWN BUSINESS.—The little boy who allowed another little boy to drown because by endeavouring to save him he must have lost his gallipot, seems to have been the founder of a race whose masterly inactivity it is often trying to read of. The other day a gentleman wrote to the papers to complain that he had been hustled and robbed near St. Giles's Church in broad daylight. There were plenty of people looking on, but they declined to interfere. Last week a clergyman, well-known in the East End for his philanthropy, had a similar adventure in Bethnal Green; and on Sunday an unfortunate man was seen flying out of Regent's Park, and in vain appealing to crowds of bystanders to rescue him from some infuriated women who disliked his religious opinions. The persons who suffered this gentleman to be beaten must have regulated their conduct on that doctrine of Non-Interference which finds so much favour with a certain political school; but without denying that such neutrality can be pushed too far, one may suppose that Englishmen are more often deterred from meddling in a brawl from fear of taking the wrong side than from poltroonery. The man who can see no wrong done without hurrying to the rescue is apt to meet with adventures as lamentable as Don Quixote's. He may generally be known by a black eye. He has interfered in an altercation between husband and wife, and the lady has turned upon him, saying, like Molière's heroine, "And what if it pleases me to be beaten?" He has stopped a father from

chastising his son, and the boy has jeered at him. He has protected the dog against the master, and the dog has bitten him in the leg. A few such experiences lead a man to ponder with deep feeling over Solomon's saying: "He that passeth by and meddeth with strife not belonging to him is like one that taketh a dog by the ears." Of course we would rather not have to make such an excuse for those who too stringently mind their own business; but we offer it because there appears to be no other.

ENGLAND AND EGYPT.—The Conference seems to be in no hurry about the business submitted to it; and the general impression is that it will fail to arrive at an understanding. Should this anticipation be realised, the fact will not be much regretted in England; for most Englishmen are still of opinion that the task of reorganising the administrative system of Egypt belongs to this country alone, and the failure of the Conference would mean that Mr. Gladstone would be compelled to act on behalf of the Egyptian people with far more vigour than he has hitherto cared to display. It is not impossible that, whatever may be the result of the Conference, he will soon have to ward off a grave danger from the country for the welfare of which he has made England responsible. The precise extent of the Mahdi's success is unknown; but there is no doubt that the tribes of the Soudan are becoming more and more hostile to us, and after the close of the Ramadan we may have very unpleasant proof that they are determined to extend their conquests. Unfortunately, we cannot feel sure that if the Mahdi's followers appeared in Egypt they would be resisted by the natives. Egyptian sympathies have been alienated from us, and the fellahs might welcome a Mussulman leader who would, of course, undertake to remedy their grievances. Even if this peril should prove to be less formidable than it seems, the English Government will still have to consider what ought to be done for the relief of General Gordon. He has not been much talked about lately; but it is certain that if he were to fall the indignation which was excited some months ago by the apparent indifference of the Ministry to his fate would revive. Mr. Gladstone has declared again and again that he recognises his responsibility in this matter, and it is to be hoped that before Parliament separates he will give some assurance that his promises are likely to lead to definite and effective action.

THE PANAMA CANAL.—If ever this channel of communication is completed, it will have, like the Suez waterway, far-reaching consequences. The British public, however, do not show much interest in the affair, and therefore seekers after trustworthy information are driven to the official reports recently issued by the Government of the United States. From these documents we learn that, though the Canal itself is scarcely begun, much useful preliminary work has been accomplished. Surveys have been made, the route has been cleared of trees and bushes, cottages and barracks have been built, and hospitals established. Admiral Cooper states that the undertaking is so gigantic that it is difficult to believe that it can be finished by the allotted time, 1888, but he admits that the work already done is of a solid and substantial character. Recently there have been serious disturbances both at Panama and Aspinwall, chiefly between the native Colombians and the imported labourers, some 12,000 or 14,000 in number, from Jamaica. As these latter are, of course, British subjects, it is quite possible that our Government may be drawn into some difficulty. Finally comes the question, whether the Canal, if finished, will prove a commercial success. It is reckoned to cost 120,000,000 dollars, and will probably cost a great deal more. Will the tolls which are levied on the ships which pass through be likely to yield a fair interest upon this enormous capital? That the Suez Canal was at first a failure and is now a success does not answer the question, because the circumstances of the two cases are not analogous. There is no region in the Western world to which the Panama Canal will be such a convenient short-cut as the Suez Canal is to the countries of Southern Asia. To Australia the Panama Canal will merely afford an alternative route of doubtful advantage; neither Mexico nor Peru raise much produce as compared with India or China; and the western coast of North America is already united with the eastern by several lines of railway. Altogether, the Panama Canal seems more likely to be useful to America than to the world in general.

GOOD WATCHES.—A secretary of General Washington having come late to an appointment, laid the blame on his watch; upon which he was told that he must get another watch; or his master would have to find another secretary. In those days it may have been possible to procure a good watch by paying a good price; but nowadays it seems we must send our watches to Kew to be tested. The experience of the Rev. Edwin Collard, who paid 18*l.* for a silver watch, bearing the name of a first-rate maker, and who has had this instrument returned from Kew as "unfit for a certificate," is enough to make one echo the wish that it may become a general practice to have watches tested, so that makers may be put on their mettle. Charles Lamb used to say concerning London clocks that he could walk from St. Martin's-in-the-Fields to St. Paul's "in no time and gain five minutes." There may be some excuse for the vagaries of old church clocks, especially when they are in charge of old beadles, and there is plenty of excuse also for the eccentricity of new

watches, professing to be cased in 18-carat gold, and costing 5*l.* or so. But it is a serious thing to hear that one cannot depend on getting a good silver watch for 18*l.* from a maker of repute; and since very few people are able to judge for themselves of the merits of a watch by a mere inspection of its works, it becomes the more desirable that the Kew mark should come to be offered as a guarantee on time-keepers as the Hall-mark is on silver plate. Only let us have a very plain mark impossible to forge.

OLD FATHER THAMES.—Those of us who have been in foreign parts, and seen really big rivers, such as the Rhine, the Ganges, the St. Lawrence, or the Mississippi, are apt to come home with an uneasy consciousness that the Thames, of which they have boasted as patriotically as Richie Moniplies did concerning the Water o' Leith, is in sober truth but a petty and insignificant stream. Without doubt it is the smallest river in the world which has such an enormous population dwelling on its banks. London alone is a bigish village merely as regards its Thames frontage, and then there is an above-bridge London, which practically extends as far as Oxford, and a below-bridge London, which reaches at least as far as Gravesend. To a large number of the people dwelling between these two points, the Thames is both their drinking-cup and their slop-basin. Given a big and a constantly increasing population on the one hand, and a small river on the other, but one result can ultimately take place, and it may be easily accelerated by a droughty summer. The dwellers on the banks of Old Father Thames will drink up half the river and poison the other half. This contingency has already begun. On the upper reaches patches of dry sand have appeared in the centre of the stream, while in the lower reaches the stench from sewage matter is declared to be unbearable. It is evident that the Thames requires most tender and considerate treatment, and to this end the Conservancy Board should be reorganised, and its functions and powers extended. Something must be defective in the constitution of this body if it has allowed the Thames (which, merely as a pleasure resort, is of inestimable value), to become silted up and poisoned with filth.

THE RAILWAY DISASTER AT BULL HOUSE BRIDGE.—In point of loss of life and injury this is one of the most appalling disasters which has ever occurred on an English railway, and a universal feeling of sympathy has been aroused throughout the country for the killed, for the wounded, and for their sorrowing kinsfolk and acquaintance. This sympathy is strengthened by the fact which comes home to all of us, namely, that the fate of these victims might have been our own. There has rarely been a railway disaster of such magnitude of which the cause is apparently so simple. Given a swiftly-moving train, an embankment, a bridge, and—the fracture of an axle—and all the subsequent horrors follow consistently. Can engineering science discover no means to avert this danger? It seems that a "fault" may for years exist unsuspected in a piece of steel, and then suddenly cause a breakage. Such fractures are, indeed, by no means uncommon. Ninety-five axles, it is officially stated, failed on the English railways during the first quarter of this year. There is some comfort in these figures, inasmuch as they show that these axle failures may occur without causing the frightful slaughter and destruction which was wrought last Wednesday near Penistone.

NOTICE.—With this Number is issued an EXTRA TWO-PAGE SUPPLEMENT, one page entitled "THE WINDOW SEAT," by F. D. Millet, the other, "THE VIOLIN LESSON," by Miss E. A. Armstrong.

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		a.m.	a.m.	p.m.	p.m.
LONDON (St. Pancras)	dep.	5 15	10 35	5 0	9 15
Glasgow (St. Enoch)	arr.	4 37	8 55	—	7 40
Greenock	"	5 56	9 40	—	8 12
Edinburgh (Waverley)	"	4 32	8 40	5 47	7 25
Perth	"	9 20	11 50	8 23	9 55
Oban	"	—	4 45	12 15	2 34
Inverness	"	—	3 50	11 40	2 15
Inverness	"	—	8 0	1 50	6 20

A.—The Train leaving St. Pancras at 10.35 a.m. on Saturdays has no connection with Inverness on Sunday mornings. B.—The Train leaving St. Pancras at 9.15 on Saturday nights has no connection with Greenock, Oban, or places north of Edinburgh on Sunday mornings. C.—Pullman Sleeping Car from St. Pancras to Edinburgh and Perth. D.—Pullman Drawing Room Car from St. Pancras to Edinburgh and Glasgow. E.—Pullman Sleeping Cars from St. Pancras to Edinburgh and Glasgow daily, also to Greenock except on Saturday nights.

These Cars are well ventilated, fitted with Lavatory, &c., and accompanied by a Special Attendant. First Class Passengers travel in the Drawing Room Cars attached to Day Express Trains WITHOUT EXTRA PAYMENT. For Berth in Sleeping Car the charge is 8*s.*, in addition to the First Class Fare.

The Evening Express leaving London at 9.15 p.m. reaches Greenock in time to enable Passengers to join the "COLUMBIA" or "JONA" Steamers for the Highlands. A Through Carriage is run from LONDON to Greenock by this Train, also by the 10.35 a.m. from St. Pancras.

For particulars of Up Train Service from Scotland to London see Time Tables issued by the Company.

JOHN NOBLE,
General Manager, Midland Railway.

Derby, July, 1884.

SEASIDE SEASON.—THE SOUTH COAST.

BRIGHTON	Frequent Trains from Victoria and London Bridge.
SEAFOARD	Trains in connection from Kensington (Addison Rd.) & Livrpl. St.
EASTBOURNE	Return Tickets from London available for eight days.
ST. LEONARD'S	Weekly, Fortnightly, and Monthly Tickets.
HASTINGS	Improved Train Services.
LITTLEHAMPTON	Pullman Car Trains between Victoria and Brighton.
BOGNOR	
HAYLING ISLAND	
PORTSMOUTH	
SOUTHSEA	

BRIGHTON.—Cheap Day Tickets every Weekday, from Victoria 10.0 a.m., Fare 12*s.* 6*d.*, including Pullman Car. Cheap Half-Crown Day First Class Day Tickets to Brighton every Saturday, from Victoria and London Bridge. Admitting to the Grand Aquarium and Royal Pavilion. Cheap First Class Day Tickets to Brighton every Sunday from Victoria at 10.45 a.m. and 12.50 p.m., Fare 10*s.*

HASTINGS, ST. LEONARD'S, and EASTBOURNE.—Cheap Day Return Tickets issued daily by Fast Trains from London Bridge, Weekdays 10.10 a.m., and Sundays 9.20 a.m., calling at East Croydon. From Victoria, Weekdays 9.55 a.m., and Sundays 9.30 a.m., calling at Clapham Junction. From Kensington (Addison Road), Weekdays 9.40 a.m., and Sundays 9.10 a.m. Fares, 15*s.*, 11*s.* 6*d.*, and 6*s.*

PARIS.—Shortest, Cheapest, Route. Via NEWHAVEN, DIEPPE, and ROUEN.

	Victoria Station	London Bridge Station	Paris
July 19 Dep.	8.45 a.m.	Dep. 8.50 a.m.	Arr. 8.50 p.m.
" 21 "	10.30 "	" 10.45 "	" 11.45 "
" 22 "	11.30 "	" 11.55 "	" 12.20 p.m.
" 23 "	8.10 "	" 8.20 "	" 6.40 p.m.
" 24 "	8.45 "	" 8.50 "	" 6.40 "
" 25 "	8.45 "	" 8.50 "	" 6.40 "

EXPRESS NIGHT SERVICE.—From Victoria 7.50 p.m., and London Bridge 8.0 p.m. every Weekday and Sunday.

FARES.—London to Paris and Back, 1st Class, £2 15*s.*; 2nd Class, £1 19*s.*

Available for Return within One Month.

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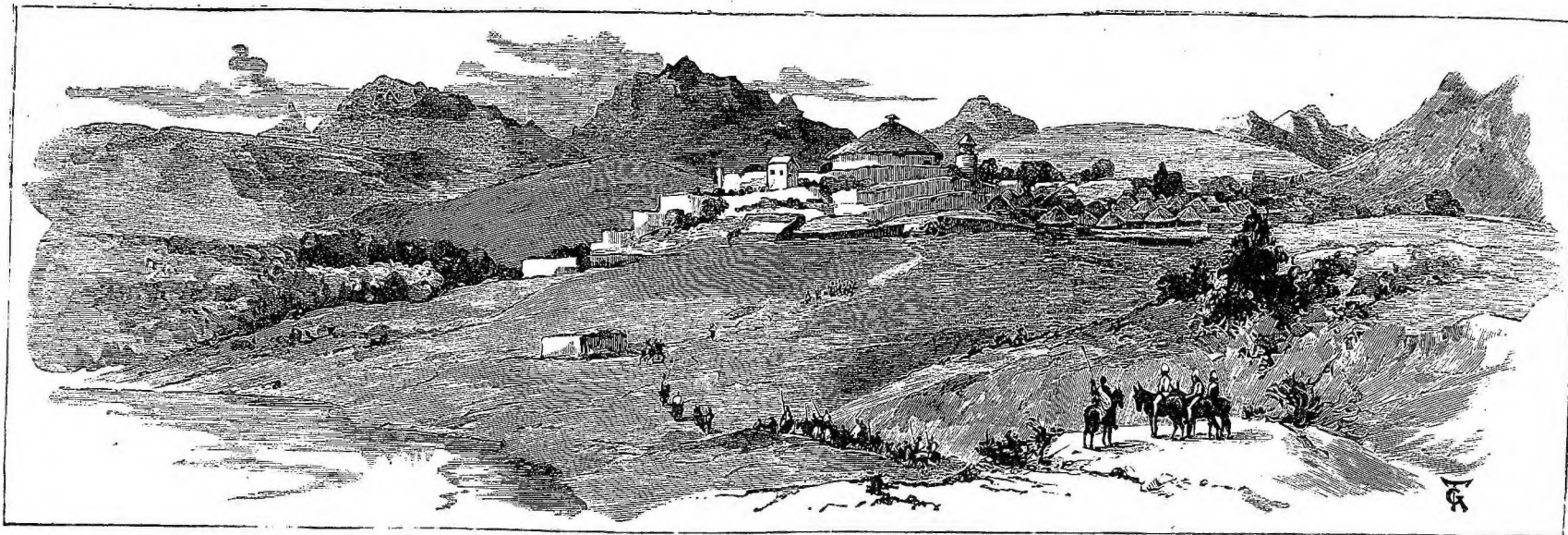
A through Conductor will accompany the passengers by the Special Day Service throughout to Paris, and vice versa.

Trains run alongside Steamers at Newhaven and Dieppe.

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West End General Offices, 28, Regent Circus, Piccadilly, and 8, Grand Hotel Buildings, Trafalgar Square; City Office, Hay's Agency, Cornhill; Cook's, Ludgate Circus; also at the Victoria and London Bridge Stations.

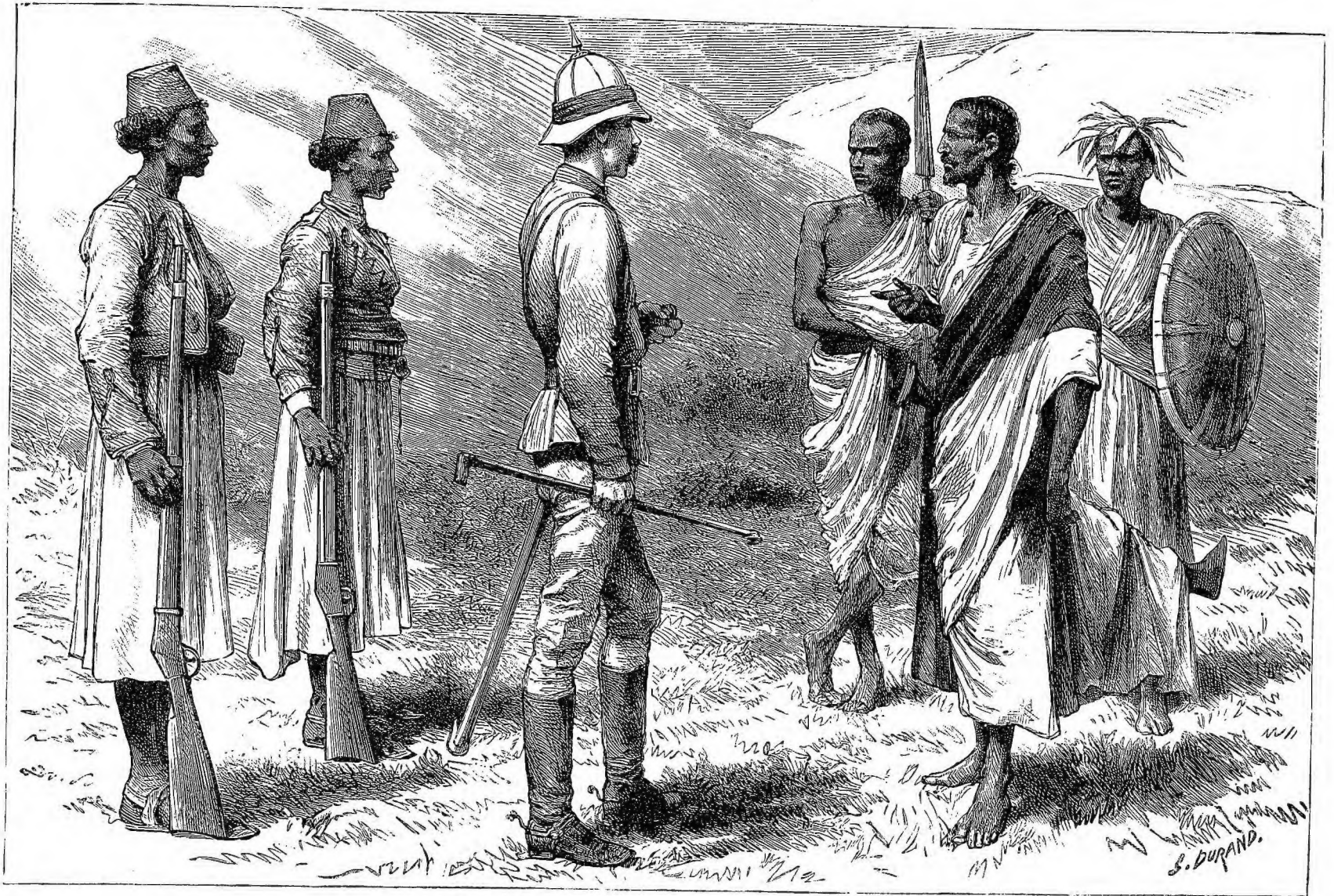
By Order, J. P. KNIGHT, General Manager.



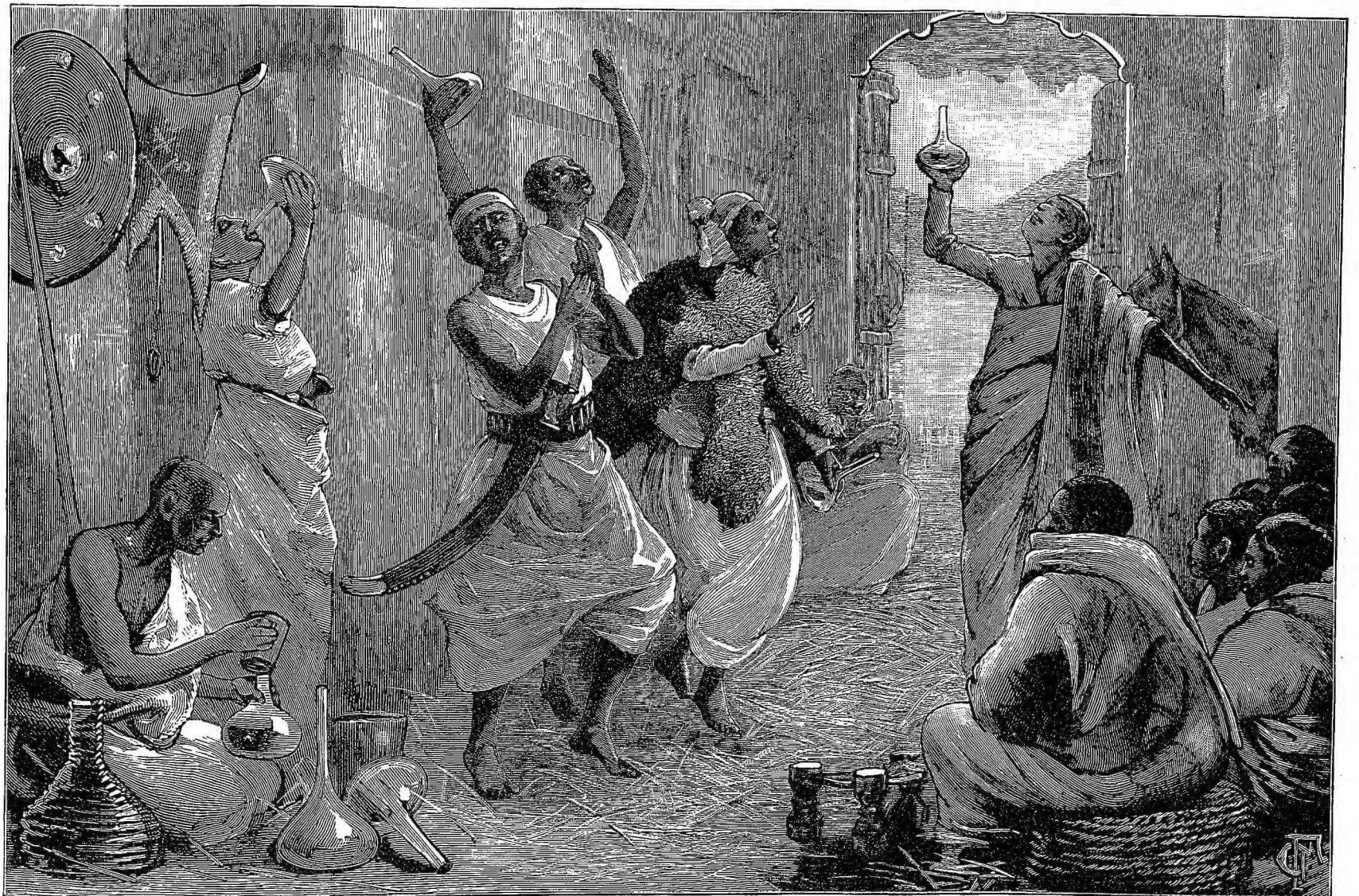
WITH ADMIRAL SIR W. HEWETT'S EMBASSY TO KING JOHN OF ABYSSINIA—ADOWA, THE CAPITAL TOWN OF THE TIGRÉ STATE, WHERE THE ADMIRAL MET KING JOHN
FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. F. VILLIERS



THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES AT A CONVERSAZIONE OF THE BEAUMONT TRUST FUND AT BETHNAL GREEN MUSEUM



MAJOR HAGGARD MEETS BAL AMBARAS, AN ABYSSINIAN RENEGADE



DANCE OF THE GROOMSMEN AT AN ABYSSINIAN WEDDING, ADOWA

WITH ADMIRAL SIR W. HEWETT'S EMBASSY TO KING JOHN OF ABYSSINIA
FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. F. VILLIERS

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ETON v. HARROW

As far as the fashionable world are concerned, especially the ladies, this is the favourite match of the year. It is not unnatural that it should be so, for a large number of the male spectators are old Harrovians or Etonians, to whom the scene vividly recalls their own school experiences, and then a great many of the ladies have sons or brothers, if not in the competing elevens, at all events in the schools to which the elevens belong. Add to this the English love for picnicking—for partaking of food under semi-civilised conditions in the open air—and the popularity of the Eton and Harrow match is fully explained. In truth spectators and players form on this occasion a huge family party, all linked together by a golden chain of affection for and pride in the two famous and ancient seminaries where so many of Britain's worthies have spent their youthful days. The public at large are of course uninfluenced by these sentiments, and as the cricket is not of so high a standard as that, for example, of the Universities, and as little is known about the elevens, the enthusiasm of genuine cricket enthusiasts is less keen.

On Friday, the weather, though occasionally threatening rain, remained fair throughout, and the attendance was, as usual, very large, some ten thousand persons being present. "Not only," says the *Daily Telegraph*, "was all the usual ground available for vehicles completely occupied, but parties with improvised tables and benches had taken possession of every available spot all round the spacious enclosure, and the crowd of promenaders during the 'interval' was almost unequalled. The intelligent foreigner might have been surprised to find how completely the interest of the Franchise Bill was eclipsed (at all events for a day) by that of the cricket match; and he might also have expressed wonderment when confronted with such a phenomenon as half the peerage eating their luncheon on a garden path, or an ex-Cabinet Minister and a General taking their viands cheerfully off an upturned wheelbarrow."

On Saturday the rain fell pitilessly all day, and at 3 P.M. the captains, after examining the wickets, decided to abandon the match. Thus, for three years running rain has caused this popular school match to be left drawn.

Our pictures are self-explanatory, and an account of the play will be found under the head of "Pastimes."

WITH ADMIRAL HEWETT IN ABYSSINIA

VIEW OF ADOWA

"ADOWA, the capital of Tigré, or Northern Abyssinia," says the special correspondent of the *Daily News*, "appears to have been once a city of much greater importance than it is at present. It consists of eight or nine hundred habitations, covering the spurs of three hills at the south-east end of the valley, around which are scattered numerous villages in such odd places and close proximity as to suggest the probability of their once being a part and parcel of the city itself. The pillage, massacre, and incendiarism by hostile or rebellious tribes, which on an average takes place every ten years, have doubtless left these remnants of happier days quite isolated, giving the Abyssinian capital a most poor and disjointed appearance for a representative city."

INTERVIEW WITH AN ABYSSINIAN OUTLAW

"BAL-AM-BARAS," says our artist, Mr. Villiers, "an Abyssinian outlaw from his own country, was made use of by the Egyptian authorities for the purpose of raiding and annoying their neighbours. When the rebellion in the Soudan made the Egyptians look round for an ally to assist them in relieving the beleaguered garrisons they began to try and pacify Abyssinia, and immediately suppressed gentlemen of Bal-Am-Baras's persuasion, but this outlaw refused to come in to Massowah and settle down to a domestic and quiet life. To impress him a small body of Bashi-bazouks was sent against him. Not finding him at home they arrested his better half and her female servants, and brought them into Massowah. In retaliation her husband took prisoner an inoffensive missionary, and threatened to cut his throat if his wife and family were not returned. "Major Haggard, who was then inspecting the fortifications in

the Eastern Soudan on his road to Senheit, paid a visit to the robber chief, who treated him kindly and with respect. The Major, with assistance of letters from Commander Crowe of the *Coquette*, prevailed on him to release the missionary, and rely on the word of an Englishman that his wife was well treated, and that if he came in his case would be fairly considered. The place of meeting was a rocky and sombre little valley. The Abyssinian suddenly appeared on the scene with his followers, one fellow adding to the fierceness of his face by wearing a lion's mane in the shape of a wreath round his head. To show his trust in Englishmen the outlaw presented the Major with his silver-studded shield and spear as a token of goodwill."

DANCE OF THE GROOMSMEN AT AN ABYSSINIAN WEDDING

For several days after a wedding has taken place, the groomsmen go round to the well-to-do people of the town, and collect presents. By many persons they are invited to partake of "tedge" (the Bass and Allsopp of Abyssinia), and in return they give a dance suggestive of the pleasure of connubial bliss. Afterwards one of the party goes round and collects money or goods from the audience. The dance is very noisy, drunken, and monotonous, but it seems to amuse, especially the old people. All the gifts are honestly kept for the married pair.

THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES AT BETHNAL GREEN

On the evening of Friday, the 11th inst., a *soirée* was given at the Bethnal Green Museum by the Committee of the Beaumont Trust to the working people of the East End, and this *soirée* the Prince and Princess of Wales honoured with their presence. The aim and object of the gathering cannot be better explained than by a quotation from the Prince's speech. H.R.H. said: "The working classes, like all other, or above all other, classes of the community, must have their recreations and amusements. The Beaumont Trust possesses a considerable amount of money (about 8,000*l.*), and it is the desire of the trustees to see this sum augmented to 50,000*l.*, so that you may have, after your toil is over, your concert-rooms, your reading-rooms, and, if possible, also your gardens, in which you may enjoy the summer nights, such as we have had this year, and such as we hope will continue."

The ornamental enclosure in front of the Museum, with its majolica fountain on the grass plot, was lighted up in honour of the occasion, and Volunteer Guards of Honour were stationed at the entrance. Crowds of people assembled in the Cambridge Road in spite of the rain, which, however, ceased before the Royal party arrived. The proceedings were enlivened by the bands of the Royal Artillery and the Coldstream Guards.

When their Royal Highnesses stood forth in front of the *dais*, it was seen that the Princess of Wales looked every inch a Princess, having very kindly put on her diamonds for the occasion, and made as brilliant a toilet as she could under the restrictions of mourning. Her example had been followed by other ladies on the platform, who therefore made a brave and stately show.

Guided by Mr. Matchwick, the Resident Keeper, the Royal visitors afterwards made a tour of the Museum, the contents of which have been notably increased of late, especially in the Fine Art Department.

A number of distinguished persons were present, among them Lord Rosebery (who made a speech), the Lord Mayor, the Dean of Westminster, Sir Philip Owen, Lord George Hamilton, and Sir Thomas Brassey. Altogether between two and three thousand people attended the *soirée*, the invitations to the gathering being strictly limited to those whose names the Committee obtained through the various Friendly Societies in the Tower Hamlets district.

THE CONVERSAZIONE AT THE HEALTH EXHIBITION

THE chief attraction at the annual *conversazione* of the Society of Arts, which was held in the Health Exhibition on the 9th inst., consisted in the newly-finished Chinese Court, restaurant, and tea-house, which were next day opened to the public. The Chinese Commissioners have judiciously made use of the extra space allotted to them by exhibiting a wonderfully varied collection, illustrative of the arts, modes, and customs of a people whose social life is still a sealed book to the Western world.

The decorations are throughout in keeping with the exhibits. Chinese workmen and artists, sent from Peking, painted the walls and put together the shops and gateways and other fittings. Reception rooms and bedrooms, ladies' toilet requisites, shops, musical instruments, costumes, books, &c.; all these objects are fully represented.

In the Chinese Restaurant a sort of full-dress rehearsal was held preparatory to the opening of the department, when a luncheon was served, to which the members of the juries on food and beverages, and other gentlemen were invited. The cookery was Chinese tempered by French taste. After amusing themselves by trying to manipulate the chopsticks, the birds'-nest soup was partaken of with approval. Other distinctively Chinese dishes were salmon soupy, eaten with a delicate violet seaweed, sharks' fins, and candied potato chips. Chinese boys, in blue tunics and noiseless paper shoes, passed round with a kettle, from which they filled tiny cups with hot "sam-shoo" wine.

But perhaps the most striking feature of the evening was the subject selected by our artist for illustration, namely, the performance of a band of Chinese musicians, who sang in their native language and peculiar musical mode, and played stringed and wind instruments, with a free use of cymbals, drum, castanets, and other noisy products of Chinese ingenuity.

VILLAGE SPORTS IN SURREY

SPORTS of the old type are dying out all over the country, but in certain districts they still linger. We assisted (in the French sense) at one of these celebrations the other day. On the village green the greasy pole proudly raised its head, adorned with a plump leg of mutton and a bunch of turnips. Close by, a ring of ropes and stakes was set up round a country wagon, at the side of which were displayed to the best advantage, "the numerous and valuable prizes." Tea trays formed a gorgeous background, flanked by brilliant vases, and lustres for the chimney-piece; in the centre of the table Britannia-metal teapots, concertinas, bottles of acid drops, and an American clock nestled happily together. Thick woollen comforters were draped artistically about (the weather was tropical), giving an air of completeness and warmth to the whole composition. Within the ring the village band (the tailor on the clarinet, the blacksmith on the euphonium, and the carpenter on the big drum) discoursed its sweetest music.

We arrived just as the "Pail of Water Race" was about to be decided. He who aspires to win this race must use his skill not so much in reaching the goal first, as in spilling the smallest quantity of water out of a pail filled to the brim and carried on the head. Four competitors entered, prominent among them being an individual most affectionately, but most inappropriately, named "Jumbo" by his fellow rustics. The race ended in a dead heat between Jumbo and another; but they both had spilled more water than a third young fellow, who took "slow, but sure," as his motto. At the second effort, "Slow, but Sure," being nervous, lost the balance of his pail, and a cataract of water poured down

his waistcoat and dashed off his knees, and he recovered not the balance till the pail was perfectly empty; so he retired, wet and miserable, leaving Jumbo to win the race easily.

The next event caused much excitement, and was evidently the chief one of the day. It was the "Grinning through Horse Collars," a sport which has held its place at village festivals for many generations. The *Spectator* has a charming article devoted to it. Jumbo was the first to seize a collar, mount the waggon, and try a few preliminary grins of surprising malignity. He was quickly followed by five others, who arranged themselves in a row facing the judges, who looked very serious and important.

Some of the competitors had great natural talent, and twisted their countenances into unheard-of shapes; respectable fathers of families made violent efforts to make themselves look like grotesque Gothic gargoyles; each grinner was wildly cheered on to fresh efforts by his particular friends in the crowd; and as the winner was about to be picked out the fun reached its climax, and all six appeared to be transformed into demons of the pit, or images only conjured up by a diseased brain.

We heard one of them on his way home getting a sound rating from his "missus" for making "a hidgit of himself"—he looking all the time very sheepish. N.B. He did not win a prize.

A prize of a "handsome teapot" was offered to the man who within a given time should smoke the largest quantity of tobacco. Each smoker provided himself with a pipe which Gog or Magog might have considered of sufficient size. Jumbo smoked two at once, but was ruled out of order by the judges, because he placed himself so as to take advantage of a strong breeze which was blowing.

A heavy shower now came on, and we left the ground, regretting that we could not be witnesses of the treacle-roll and greasy-pole competitions which were to follow. J. R. B.

QUARANTINE IN EGYPT

ALMOST all civilised Governments, except those of English-speaking countries, believe in the efficacy of the *lazaretto* as a preservative against epidemic disease, and therefore at the present time when, on account of the outbreak of cholera, quarantine regulations are being strictly enforced in the countries bordering on the Mediterranean, the experiences of some English travellers may prove of interest.

The *Mira*, a steam vessel belonging to the Star Line, left Calcutta on the 15th April last, bound for London *via* Colombo and the Suez Canal. All her passengers were first-class saloon passengers, and her crew was English. A few days after leaving Calcutta a seaman died of cholera. Disinfectants were carefully used during his illness, and after his death his clothes and the clothes of those who attended him were thrown overboard.

Satisfied with the precautions that had been taken, the sanitary authorities in Ceylon admitted the vessel into Colombo after twenty-four hours' delay. The Suez officials acted otherwise. Although sixteen days had elapsed since the sailor's death, and no other case of sickness had occurred, they ordered the *Mira* to proceed to El Tor, a quarantine station on the Arabian coast, about 125 miles from Suez, there to remain for seven days.

El Tor is a small fishing village, consisting of seven or eight substantial buildings and a few huts. It is surrounded by coral reefs, and it was not without difficulty and considerable danger that the *Mira* gained her anchorage.

Presently the health officer, surrounded by fumes of burning sulphur, came on board, and informed the captain that all the passengers must at once quit the vessel, and take up their abode in some wooden sheds, about half-a-mile from the shore.

These sheds were constructed of light scantling, covered with boards of half-inch deal, full of holes and cracks. There was no furniture save a few rough dirty deal tables and benches, some bedsteads made of iron trestles and deal boards, and a few earthen washing bowls. The station had been frequently occupied by hordes of native pilgrims, to whose encampment the sands in all directions bore witness. The sanitary condition, therefore, of this so-called hygienic retreat was about as bad as it could be.

The cracks in the walls and roof of the shed caused them to afford but slight protection against the heat of the sun by day, and the bitter cold of the north wind which howled through them by night. However the captain, officers, and crew of the *Mira* did all they could to lessen the discomfort of the passengers by landing bedding, chairs, and provisions.

One of our illustrations shows the interior of one of the sheds set apart for the ladies. The lady on the right hand of the picture is sitting in a tent of gauze netting provided by the officers as a refuge from the plague of flies which afflicted the passengers during the heat of the day.

Another engraving is a portrait of Abdil Al, an Egyptian resident of El Tor, in his blue gown and red fez. He was among those who were told off by the health officer to wait upon the English sojourners.

Meanwhile, the Egyptian authorities disinfected the *Mira* by carrying a pan of burning sulphur through the cabins. Before re-embarking the passengers were subjected to a similar ordeal. They had to walk round a large room filled with suffocating sulphur fumes. None were exempted from the torture; not even a baby of three months old. After this the passengers had to pay a fine amounting in the aggregate to 3,357 piastres (Egyptian currency) to cover quarantine expenses. Then they were allowed to re-embark and proceed on their voyage. Subsequently the passengers addressed a strong protest to the Sanitary Council at Alexandria concerning the treatment they had undergone, but it is doubtful whether our Government, though virtually masters of Egypt, would sanction any relaxation of these useless precautions at a time when such a panic prevails in Continental countries regarding the introduction of cholera.

Our engravings are from sketches made by a lady passenger on board the *Mira*.

THE FREE CHURCH COMMUNION AT STROME FERRY

IN many Highland parishes the great majority of the people belong to the Free Church, and in most of these a Communion service is held but once a year. In preparation for this solemn occasion the preceding Thursday, Friday, and Saturday are enjoined to be held as Fast days, and sometimes the following Monday. The service is held in some suitable spot in the open air, as the congregation is generally larger than the church will contain. A wooden box or pulpit is provided for the preacher, a few benches for the assisting clergymen and elders; the multitude seating themselves as best they can on the grass or stones around. The communicants sit on benches on each side of a long narrow table, covered with white linen. Each set of communicants is addressed by a different clergyman, always at considerable length. For this purpose most of the clergymen of the neighbouring parishes attend as well as their flocks, so that great crowds of people are often present, and are to be seen assembling for hours beforehand, travelling on foot, in carts, or rowing in boats across the lochs. A certain number of old men and women seem to have no occupation but to attend the whole circuit of these services.

In fine weather, amidst the beautiful Highland scenery, worship in the open air tends to heighten devotional feeling; but unfortunately the weather is not always fine. Usually the rain falls pitilessly,

yet it is surprising to see the patience with which the crowd of young and old sit out the protracted service, sheltered under plaids and umbrellas; even when a loud wind blows, which makes the psalm-singing often sound like a fitful and dismal wail.—Our engravings are from sketches by Mr. W. Lockhart Bogle, 122, Mansfield Road, N.W.

BIRKHAL, ABERDEENSHIRE

BIRKHAL, which belongs to the Prince of Wales, and is used as a shooting lodge, is on the banks of the Dee, about two or three miles above Ballater, and below Abergeldie (the Dee here takes a regular sweep), and it is connected with the March of Glen Muick by a bridge. The house is very conveniently placed, for the deer, for Balmoral, Braemar, Invercauld, Glen Muick, &c., for the salmon in the Dee, the grouse, blackcock, and partridges, and it is near the railway terminus. It is well-wooded about, and is a quaint, unpretentious house, with scanty accommodation.

"THE VIOLIN LESSON"

IN Miss E. A. Armstrong's picture we have a kind of subject which is always interesting, namely, a person of age and experience endeavouring to impart some of his own skill to a young enthusiast. A well-known popular print shows an old fisherman teaching a boy how to steer; the same idea is here applied to music. It may fairly be surmised that the queer-looking old *maestro* in the scene before us is a thorough-going enthusiast, and we may venture to imagine that after years of disappointment on account of the lack of musical capacity in his sons and daughters his hopes are revived by the discovery that a grandson manifests tokens of the hereditary genius.

"THE WINDOW SEAT"

THIS engraving is from a picture by Mr. Millet, an American artist—no connection, so far as we are aware, of the famous French rural painter of that name who frequented the Forest of Fontainebleau. There is nothing very remarkable in the subject of this picture, and yet it possesses a fascination of its own. There is something very snug (especially to a woman's ideas) in this old-fashioned window seat, where you can sit with your back to the light, and so see distinctly every stitch you make, and meanwhile rest your feet on a chair.

"FROM POST TO FINISH"

A NEW STORY by Captain Hawley Smart, illustrated by John Charlton and Arthur Hopkins, is begun on page 65.

"THE YOUNG FOSTER-MOTHER"

LITTLE girls of affectionate dispositions have the power of expending a vast deal of genuine maternal affection on their dolls, although quite as well aware as their elders that dolls are mere inanimate creations of wax or wood and sawdust. It is the precious gift of imagination which converts the senseless doll into a real child, and which causes such devotion to be lavished upon it. Sometimes, however, for a change, these motherly-natured little girls must be glad to have a genuine flesh-and-blood pet which actually—and not only in pretence—stands in need of attention. These kittens, it may be presumed, have been rescued from the watery fate that too frequently threatens the kitten-world, and having been taken away from their true mother, have been made over to the care of our soft-eyed heroine. And though she has neither tail, nor whiskers, nor four legs, we believe she will do her duty by the orphans.

PUBLIC GARDEN AT STEPNEY

THE ground occupied by this garden, in extent about 2,500 square yards, is situated partly in Whitechapel and partly in Stepney, at the back of the London Hospital. It belongs to the Brewers' Company, and in the autumn of 1881 was generously handed over by them, together with a yearly grant towards the salary of a permanent gardener, to a Committee, to be laid out, controlled, and administered as they might think fit.

The garden was opened to the public July 1, 1882, and, considering the limited area at command, a large amount of variety and interest has been got out of the ground.

The design, which has converted a perfectly flat area into mounds, walks, slopes, and excavations, was suggested by Mr. Stanley Kemp-Welch. The entrance gates are the gift of Mr. Willmer White, of the St. Pancras Iron Works. Opposite the entrance a high bank has been thrown up, on which ivies of various kinds have been planted. The garden-house, presented by Lord and Lady Brabazon, is intended as a shelter for infirm and delicate persons. The lake, which is the chief attraction in the garden, is well stocked with fish and water-fowl. Some of these were given by the Rev. H. Lubbock; some by a little girl who saved up her pocket-money in order to give pleasure in this way to those who are beyond the reach of rural sights and sounds. Various other kindly donors have given an aviary, well filled with birds; a fernery, a fountain, and a filter and stand. White mugs are supplied, so that the thirsty visitor can always get a draught of wholesome water. The plants and trees in the garden have done remarkably well. The garden has proved a great boon to the neighbourhood, affording, as it does, to hundreds of men and women a means of escape from the coarseness, the dirt, and the disorder which seem to be inseparable from the lot of the poor. Some kind soul has lent a wicker-work Bath chair for taking crippled persons to and from the garden. One middle-aged woman was thus enabled to pay it a visit who before had not crossed her threshold for five years.

Exclusive of gifts, the garden has cost about 1,000*l.* to lay out and maintain, and the annual expenditure is reckoned to be from 100*l.* to 130*l.* Subscriptions in aid will be thankfully received by the treasurer, Mr. Henry Williamson, 64, Philpot street, E.



A FRIGHTFUL RAILWAY ACCIDENT occurred on Wednesday afternoon to the express train leaving Manchester at 12.30 P.M., and in which there were seven carriages with a fair complement of passengers. The train, running on the Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire line, was going at the rate of fifty-five miles an hour, and had reached Bullhouse Colliery, about two miles from Penistone, where the railway traverses a stone bridge across the Thurlstone Road. While it was on the bridge the right-hand axle of the engine suddenly snapped, and the carriages were hurled some eighteen or twenty feet over the embankment. A passenger describes the carriage in which he was as turning over several times before it reached the road below. The scene on the road was terrible. Carriages, some of them completely wrecked, were piled upon each other, and the groans and shrieks from the struggling mass, men, women, and children were heart-rending. A weighman at the adjacent colliery hearing the crash looked round and saw the end of the train going over the bridge. With some twenty of the colliery-workmen he repaired to

the scene, and they gave what assistance they could, pending the arrival of break-down gangs from Sheffield and Gerton, and of officials of the line who were promptly on the spot superintending the efforts to rescue those still alive, and to bring out the bodies of the dead. Nineteen persons were found killed, and three others did not long survive the accident. Thirty of the passengers were injured, some of them most severely, and their sufferings were intense while awaiting the arrival of medical assistance. Among the killed were three children, the faces of two of them retaining a terror-stricken expression. There is not the slightest mystery about the cause of the disaster—one of the most destructive that has occurred for years on any English railway. The broken crank axle is still visible. Behind the tender was a horse-box, to which the front carriage was attached by a drawing-hook, which broke with the strain of the falling carriages, so that the engine, tender, and horse-box kept the metals for some hundreds of yards after the catastrophe to the carriages, and the fracture of the drawing-hook is there to speak for itself. The engine was built in 1877 by the Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire Company.

SOME THREE HUNDRED CONSERVATIVE PEERS and Members of Parliament assembled at the Carlton Club, on Tuesday, to consider the course to be pursued with respect to the Franchise Bill. Lord Salisbury, who took the chair, advised the rejection of the Government compromise, since, if the Franchise Bill were passed, and the Opposition did not assent to the subsequent Redistribution Bill, the Government would be in a position to appeal to the new constituencies. Lord Wemyss and some other Peers, with Sir Robert Lloyd Lindsay, were in favour of passing the Franchise Bill; but Sir Stafford Northcote supported Lord Salisbury's view, which proved to be that of the great majority of those assembled. Mr. Chaplin, M.P., wound up a speech against the compromise with the rather remarkable statement, that if from any cause the Peers found themselves unable to act in a crisis like the present, many Conservatives besides himself would welcome such a change in the constitution of the House of Lords as would enable its members to take their place in the House of Commons, where they would prove a real power and influence.

ADDRESSING, ON TUESDAY, a meeting of Hackney Liberals, called to protest against the rejection of the Franchise Bill by the House of Lords, the Postmaster-General spoke in an apologetic tone of the offer of a compromise, by the Government. He approved of it, because two questions awaiting solution, that of Redistribution and that of the relations between the House of Commons and the House of Lords were so intricate and difficult, that neither of them could be properly dealt with if taken in hand in the fierce turmoil of a bitter political excitement. But the claim now seemingly urged, that when an important measure is rejected by the House of Lords this House has a right to demand an appeal to the country, ought to be strenuously resisted. Mr. Gladstone will never, Mr. Fawcett said, have rendered to his country a service so important as he will if he proves that the House of Lords may reject a Bill once, twice, and thrice, without having the power to determine when Parliament shall be dissolved.

THROUGHOUT THE KINGDOM the Executive Committees and Councils of Liberal Associations have been and are meeting to pass resolutions of energetic protest against the rejection of the Franchise Bill by the Peers, and in many of these either a reform or the abolition of the House of Lords is recommended. The Conservative Associations in town and country have been passing counter-resolutions approving of the course pursued by the majority in the House of Peers. Of the Liberal demonstrations and meetings in favour of the Franchise Bill and against the House of Peers one of the most orderly and successful was that at Edinburgh on Saturday, when a procession of trades, nearly three miles long, marched to the Queen's Park, where appropriate speeches were made and resolutions passed. The proceedings at the town's meeting at Birmingham were uproarious, the Conservatives having mustered strongly, and the speakers on neither side could be heard. At a mass-meeting on Clerkenwell Green on Monday night the usual oratory was diversified by the burning of an effigy of Lord Salisbury.

LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL will preside at the Conference of Constitutional and Conservative Associations to be held in Sheffield on the 22nd inst. But he will not be present at the Conservative demonstration in the same town on the preceding evening at which Lord Salisbury is to be the chief speaker and Lord Wharnclyffe is to preside.

LORD SHAFTESBURY presided on Monday at a meeting in aid of the fund for completing the new building of the National Hospital for the Paralyzed and Epileptic as a memorial to the late Duke of Albany, through whose co-operation it was that the enterprise was undertaken under favourable auspices. The Queen has sanctioned the proposal. Of the 12,500*l.* still required, between 2,000*l.* and 3,000*l.* were subscribed by those present.

IN THE ABSENCE of the Marquis of Abergavenny, "Grand Councillor of the Primrose League," Lord Randolph Churchill, who appeared in delicate health, presided on Wednesday at a meeting of the "Grand Habitation" of the Primrose League, which was attended by many delegates from provincial "Habitations." Lord Randolph delivered a lively address, in which he indicated how existing Conservative organisations might be aided by the League. The "Grand Council" for the coming year was afterwards elected.

THE LARGE WORKING-CLASS DEMONSTRATION in favour of the London Government Bill, which had been in course of organisation for some time, came off in Hyde Park on Sunday. The withdrawal of the Bill by the Government somewhat modified the tone of the speakers, and the tenor of the inscriptions on the banners. In both cases prominence was given to the chief recommendation of the Royal Commission on the City Guilds, that a portion of their income should be appropriated to public and popular objects. Much enthusiasm was exhibited, and the proceedings were orderly throughout.

EXCEPT IN BELFAST, where there was a rather serious collision between Protestants and Roman Catholics, the 12th of July was celebrated by the Loyalists and Orangemen of Ulster without any breach of the peace, the Irish Executive having prohibited counter-demonstrations. A large force of military and police was, however, posted in and near Newry, where the chief Loyalist demonstration was held. The number present at the meeting is estimated at 20,000. One of the speakers, among whom was Lord Arthur Hill, said that though Mr. Parnell had been called the uncrowned King of Ireland, the result of great meetings in Ulster had been to show that he was not yet, and never would be, crowned in Ulster.

WHILE THE 12TH OF JULY passed off quietly in Ulster, its celebration in Cumberland was the occasion of a very serious conflict. The Orangemen of that county held a great demonstration at Cleator Moor, a mining centre, the population of which is mainly Irish and Roman Catholic. The meeting itself passed off without disturbance, but as the procession, escorted by forty constables, was in the afternoon on its way back to the railway station it was assailed by an excited Irish mob with showers of stones, which inflicted considerable injury. The Orangemen retaliated, attacking the mob with their swords and pikes, and as the stone-throwing continued some of them fired at their assailants revolvers which they had with them ready charged. One young man was shot dead, and fifty persons were wounded, some of them very severely.

MAJOR-GENERAL SIR PETER LUMSDEN, member of the

Council of India, has been appointed British Commissioner for the delimitation of the North-Western Boundary of Afghanistan.

LORD CHELMSFORD succeeds General Maitland as Lieutenant of the Tower of London.

THE TWENTY-FIFTH MEETING of the National Rifle Association, which began on Monday morning, has brought together the largest number of competitors ever assembled on Wimbledon Common. From the Home District come 720 men, representing 46 regiments. Next in point of numbers is the Northern District, sending 620 men, representing 73 regiments. Third in the list stands Scotland, with 440 men, representing 50 regiments. Next in successive order follow the Western, the Southern, the Eastern, and the South-Eastern Districts. There are also on the ground representatives of the Channel Isles Militiamen, the Calcutta Rifles, the Bangalore Rifles, and the Shanghai Volunteers. Thus far the weather—which exercises such influence on the comfort of dwellers in tents—has been favourable. Saturday's rain freshened up the foliage of the trees, and laid the dust caused by the prolonged draught. Earl de Grey's "Running Deer" Cottage appears, as in former years, brightened by banks of flowers, and in the Association lines and the Members' Camp many of the old sign-boards—and some fresh ones—have been hung out by way of varying the monotony of the row of tents.

AT A MEETING in the Mansion House on Tuesday in support of the Country Holidays Fund for providing fresh air for ailing London children, Mr. Mundella said that a vast proportion of the children thus sent into the country came from homes of only a single room each. Lord Rosebery and Miss Davenport Hill were among the other speakers.

ABOUT 2,000*l.* have been subscribed towards carrying out the objects of the Marine Biological Association, of which the Prince of Wales is patron and Professor Huxley President, and the formation of which was previously chronicled in this column. 10,000*l.*, it is estimated, will be required to erect and equip the first of the Association's laboratories.

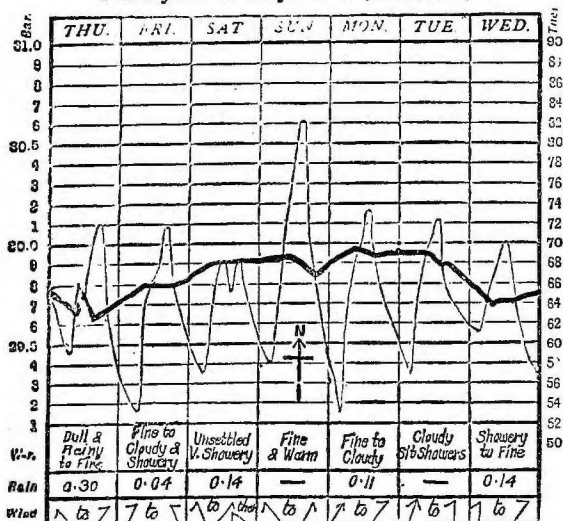
EXPLAINING TO A MEETING in the Mansion House his proposal to establish a Commercial Society of Geography in the City of London, Commander Cameron, R.N., said that in no other country was there such an ignorance of geography as in England, although we were the greatest of commercial nations. Owing to their superior knowledge of geography the Germans had been enabled to obtain a great deal of the trade of the West Coast of Africa. Resolutions were passed approving of Commander Cameron's scheme.

THE REMOVAL OF THE COURTS OF LAW from Westminster Hall laid bare the west side of the Great Hall of William Rufus, and Mr. J. T. Pearson, R.A., was instructed by the First Commissioner of Works to report on the state of the venerable edifice, and to draw up a scheme of reconstruction. In his report, just issued, Mr. Pearson expresses an opinion that this remnant of the original building of William Rufus will, if left unprotected, be destroyed in a few years by the London atmosphere, and to cover it up again would be objectionable. He proposes accordingly to rebuild the wall which formerly existed between the buttresses, making an open cloister, with a gallery over it, extending nearly the whole length of the building, and thus not only to preserve what is now visible of Rufus's wall, but to recover, so far as is consistent with present requirements, the aspect which the Hall presented in the time of Richard II., who completely transformed it.

THE OBITUARY OF THE WEEK includes the death (noticed in our "Church News" column), of Dr. Jacobson, formerly Bishop of Chester; of Vice-Admiral Ewart, who was actively employed during the Crimean War, and who in 1862 rendered services to American vessels, for which he received the thanks of the Government of Washington, in his 68th year; of Dr. Staunton, Royal Artillery, the last survivor of the officers who served in the Euphrates expedition; and of Earl Cowley, long English ambassador in Paris during the second Empire, two days before completing his 80th year. His father, the youngest son of the Earl of Mornington, whose two other sons were the Marquis Wellesley and the great Duke of Wellington, was created Baron Cowley for his diplomatic services. Embracing his father's career, the late Lord Cowley entered the diplomatic service at an early age, and, rising in it steadily, was finally appointed Ambassador Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary to the French Republic, reaching Paris in February, 1853, little more than two months after the *Coup d'Etat*, and retaining the post of ambassador during fifteen eventful years until his retirement in 1867. Lord Cowley was made an Earl in 1857, and a K.G. in 1866. He is succeeded by his son, Viscount Dangan.

WEATHER CHART FOR THE WEEK

FROM JULY 10 TO JULY 16 (INCLUSIVE).



EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the past week ending Wednesday midnight. The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—Throughout the past week changeable weather has been experienced over the whole of the United Kingdom. These conditions have been occasioned by a series of depressions going northwards or north-eastwards outside our extreme western and north-western coasts, and by small subsidiary disturbances which have appeared at times over different parts of the country. The barometer has consequently been unsteady, while moderate gradients for southerly winds have been very general. Cloudy skies, with intermittent sunshine, have prevailed at most places, accompanied by copious falls of rain nearly every day over the whole country. Thunderstorms—severe at times—have also occurred daily at the majority of our stations, but London and its immediate vicinity have escaped entirely. In some cases, where rain accompanied these thunderstorms, the amounts were very large. During the latter part of the week the wind rose considerably all over the country, and blew from the south-westward and southward. Temperature, although much lower than last week, has been fairly high when all the conditions are considered. The barometer was highest (29.99 inches) on Monday (14th inst.); lowest (29.61 inches) on Thursday (16th inst.); range, 0.38 inches. Temperature was highest (82°) on Sunday (13th inst.); lowest (53°) on Friday (11th inst.) and Monday (14th inst.); range, 29°. Rain fell on five days. Total amount, 0.73 inches. Greatest amount on any one day, 0.30 inch, on Thursday (16th inst.).



THE CONVERSAZIONE OF THE SOCIETY OF ARTS AT THE HEALTH EXHIBITION



THERE is little trustworthy news from EGYPT this week. Once more it is confidently asserted that Dongola has gone over to the rebels, but the reports differ so widely that a British officer is to be despatched to ascertain the truth of the matter. While the Mudir vigorously reiterates his loyalty, several private accounts agree that he has proclaimed himself Ameer by the Mahdi's appointment, and intends to march upon Wady Halfa. So far, however, the rebels keep moderately quiet, beyond harassing the Suakim garrison by nightly skirmishes, and the British commanders have fully profited by the lull to improve their positions and organise observation-posts at every convenient spot. Assouan is now strongly protected, but further British reinforcements are much wanted all up the Nile, seeing how little trust can be put in native soldiers. Thus the Turkish detachment ordered to Assouan mutinied, and 130 deserted altogether, though most of the mutineers have now been brought to reason. Major Stuart Wortley, however, has had better luck with his Bedouins, who have behaved exceedingly well on the scouting expedition along the road to Darfour, while the Abyssinian forces who are to relieve Kassala are also of different stuff, and are brave, steady fighting men. Mason Bey, the Governor of Massowah, has brought the terms of the new Abyssinian Treaty to Cairo, but the Egyptian authorities are dissatisfied with the results of the mission, and consider that Egypt does not receive an adequate return for the advantages gained by King John in obtaining important cessions of territory and the free transit of goods through Massowah. The Governor will now hand over the latter town to the Abyssinian garrison, and Captain Speedy will also superintend the evacuation of the Eastern Soudan. Although no fresh authentic news has been heard of General Gordon, an account from Kassala states that he was safe on April 27, and had repeatedly repulsed the rebels.

The lengthy proceedings of the London Conference are impatiently watched throughout the Continent. GERMANY hints that she does not intend to be excluded from the settlement of the financial question, and Prince Bismarck's *North German Gazette* remarks that Germans hold 15,000,000*l.* of the Four per Cent. Egyptian Unified Debt. AUSTRIA suggests that the Conference should be prorogued till the autumn, and FRANCE is hopeful that England's position in the Debt Commission will be materially modified to French advantage.

At present, however, FRANCE can speak and think of little else than the cholera. As yet the epidemic shows no sign of abating, although still confined to the region where it first appeared. Cases are stated to have occurred at Lyons, Aix, Nîmes, &c., but these reports are systematically denied by the authorities. Not, however, that official announcements can be trusted implicitly, for it appears pretty certain that the authorities endeavour to suppress part of the truth in order to allay alarm—thus producing a directly contrary effect. Indeed, the Southerners seem to have lost all common sense in their panic, for many fall ill from sheer fright, while the general exodus has made Marseilles and Toulon almost Dead Cities. Over 10,000 persons have fled from Toulon, and 40,000 from Marseilles, so that trade is at a standstill, and the mass of workmen thrown out of employ are in a sorely disturbed state. The officials are overworked, several indeed having succumbed, and the Mayor of Toulon has had a slight attack of cholera. At Marseilles the mortality rises daily, reaching 53 on Wednesday, and altogether includes 575 deaths since June 27, but at Toulon the situation is a trifle better. Three of the Ministers have been to Marseilles and Toulon to discuss the state of affairs, and the Chamber has voted a grant of 400,000*l.*, while private charity strives energetically to relieve distress. Nevertheless, the whole of the infected region is in a most pitiable condition. The French begin to doubt the value of inland quarantine, which, indeed, has been decidedly condemned by the Paris Academy of Medicine. Other countries do not share their opinion, and dismal tales come to hand of travellers' woes on the Italian and Spanish frontiers, where the regulations appear most arbitrary and vexatious. Indeed the Spanish sanitary guard actually insulted the Brazilian Minister and French Consul, who went from San Sebastian to visit Queen Isabella at a neighbouring watering-place, threatening to arrest them for violating quarantine. These regulations especially cause much friction at Gibraltar, owing to the exclusion of Spanish vagrant labourers who formerly found employment in the British lines, and are now disavowed alike by both nations.

PARIS did her best to forget this unpleasant subject by keeping her National *fête* on Monday. The celebration was so hotly opposed that, up to the last moment, it was doubtful whether the *fête* would take place, but the Government shifted the responsibility on to the Municipal Council, who would not give way, for fear of gratifying the Conservatives. Still the festivities were by no means equal to those of former years, although the city was gay with flags, triumphal arches, and temporary statues. The military reviews were held early, and the most interesting feature was the march past, for the first time, of the Paris schoolboys, greatly enjoyed by the people, who thronged to the free performances and the illuminations, and danced in *al fresco* ball-rooms. One serious *contretemps* was the attack made by some Alsations and Lorrainers on two German flags hanging out at the Hotel Continental, and which resulted in a decided riot. The hotel was stormed, the windows smashed, and the flags demolished, while an injudicious bystander, who cried, "à bas la France," narrowly escaped lynching. The demonstration is studiously treated by the Press as an unimportant outburst due to excitement rather than a wilful insult. Still the affair has caused decided bitterness in Germany, notwithstanding the profuse apologies offered by the French Ambassador at Berlin. The Chinese quarrel remains quiescent, as the Pekin Foreign Office has been allowed a respite of eight days to prepare their explanation. A report, indeed, is current that the French demand has been peremptorily rejected, but the statement has been denied in a semi-official note. Meanwhile it is said that everything is ready to strike a decisive blow immediately, in case of an unsatisfactory reply.

There seems little fear that the Imperial dynasty of GERMANY will die out for lack of male descendants. Another son has been born to Prince and Princess William, making the fifth direct heir to the Crown now living. The German people are exulting in the prospect of an unusually good harvest, and discussing the annual Imperial gatherings, though somewhat disappointed that the Czar will not join the Emperors William and Francis Joseph, as originally hoped. The German and Austrian Emperors meet, however, on August 5th at Gastein, where Emperor William has been received with great cordiality. The Grand Duke of Hesse's morganatic marriage with Madame de Kolémine has been finally dissolved.

ITALY is highly wroth with Spain just now concerning the Minister of Public Works' recent speech in the Cortes, when Señor Pidal not only avowed himself in favour of restoring the Pope's temporal power, but made some unpleasant remarks about ex-King Amadeus and the Spanish throne. King Humbert is said to be much hurt at the attack on his brother, and the Italian Press warmly

discuss the subject, declaring that Italy cannot afford to gloss over the affair at the present moment, when most European countries are inclined to support the Clericals. Meanwhile the anti-Clericals made a noisy demonstration outside the Vatican on Sunday—the anniversary of the removal of Pius IX.'s remains.

Some trouble is being caused in INDIA by the state of affairs in Indore, where Maharajah Holkar's heir appears to have revived the old traditions of Eastern tyranny. The province is declared to be completely panic-stricken through his brutality and oppression, and the British Resident is investigating the Prince's conduct. The expedition to the Zlob Valley against the Kakar Pathans starts in September. One column, under General Kennedy, will operate from the Indus, marching by the Gomul Pass, while General Tanner will bring the main force from Quetta, accompanied by artillery and a native contingent furnished by the Khan of Khelat. Sir R. Sandeman also goes as Political Agent. In the following month the Afghan Boundary Commission will probably meet at Sarakhs.

According to general expectation, Governor Cleveland has been duly nominated as the Democratic candidate for the Presidency of the UNITED STATES. No other candidate had the shadow of a chance against him, and the nomination was carried by a majority of 602. The Tammany Hall section withdrew in disgust, and though some of the party may possibly go over to Mr. Blaine, their desertion will rather add to the credit of Governor Cleveland, whose character is singularly pure in these times of corrupt American politics. One of the defeated Presidential candidates, Mr. Hendricks, was nominated as Vice-President, thus securing his State—Indiana—to Mr. Cleveland. Indeed, the Democrats are confident of victory, although waiting anxiously for the verdict of the Independent Republicans, who meet next week to decide on their course of action. There is nothing very remarkable in the Democratic platform, which is studiously framed to suit all parties. It gives a distinct pledge to revise taxation, strongly denounces Republican corruption, pronounces against Chinese labour, and favours an American Continental policy instead of the British policy followed by the Republican party.

Public attention in AUSTRALIA continues fixed on the subjects of Federation and legislation against the influx of French convicts threatened by the proposed Récidiviste Bill. We mentioned last week that the VICTORIA Legislative Assembly had declared in favour of both schemes; and now the Governor of QUEENSLAND has announced, at the opening of Parliament, that a measure would be introduced effectually preventing any French convicts from landing. This matter, indeed, concerns Queensland more than any other colony, for boat-loads constantly arrive from New Caledonia. The long drought, now fortunately at an end, has cost NEW SOUTH WALES from twelve to sixteen million sheep, while Queensland's losses are also very heavy.

Among MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS, the Anarchists are most active in AUSTRIA, where there seems little doubt that serious attempts have been made to wreck the Imperial train on the way to the naval manoeuvres at Pola. One Anarchist trial at Vienna has resulted in the discovery of a quantity of explosive materials. The Viennese Press are much interested in the contest between the British Government and the House of Lords, and consider that the late vote has given Mr. Gladstone the opportunity of regaining the popularity lost by his Egyptian policy.—In RUSSIA the Siberian plague is raging in the Government of Pleskoff, while cholera has appeared at Poltava.—Notwithstanding all protestations, TURKEY has determined to close all foreign post-offices on August 4, in order to control the postal system herself, and will place sentinels at the offices to prevent letters from being posted.—In CHINA a sad accident has occurred on board H.M.S. *Daring*, stationed at Hong Kong. During a firing competition a gun exploded, killing two seamen.—In SOUTH AFRICA the Boers are thronging into Zululand; while the Usutus make constant raids on the neighbouring chiefs, and repeatedly enter the Reserve. A column has been sent against them from Ekowe.—In MEXICO General Porfirio Diaz has been appointed President of the Republic.



THE QUEEN visited town on Saturday to see the Duchess of Cambridge. Her Majesty and the Princess Beatrice returned to Windsor in the evening, when they were joined at the Castle by the Princess Louise, and Prince and Princess Louis of Battenberg. Next morning the Royal Family attended Divine Service in the private chapel, the Rev. Teignmouth Shore preaching the sermon. The Queen and the Princesses drove to Frogmore on Monday, and subsequently Prince and Princess Louis of Battenberg left for Sennicotts, while the ex-Empress Eugénie arrived on a visit. Lord Rowton joined the Royal party at dinner in the evening, and on Tuesday morning the ex-Empress returned to Farnborough, while the Princess Louise left later. In the afternoon the Queen held a private investiture, when the Duke of Argyll and Lord Derby received the Order of the Garter; Sir R. Torrens was made a Knight Grand Cross of St. Michael and St. George; Colonel Crossman received the same Order; and the Marquis of Lothian was presented with the Gold Stick on being appointed Captain-General of the Royal Scotch Body Guard. Next day the Duchess of Albany returned to Claremont. To-day Her Majesty and Princess Beatrice leave Windsor for Osborne.

The Prince and Princess of Wales, with their daughters, went to Putney on Saturday, to lay the memorial-stone of the new bridge. On Sunday they attended Divine Service, and next day Princess Christian and Prince Albert of Saxe-Altenburg dined with the Prince and Princess. Later the Prince of Wales held a *levée*, and afterwards accompanied the Princess and daughters to Brockley Hill, Stanmore, where the Princess opened Miss Mary Wardell's Convalescent Home for Scarlet Fever Patients. The Royal party had tea at the Home, and inspected the building and the sale of work before leaving. The Prince on Tuesday attended a meeting of the Commission on the Housing of the Working Classes, and subsequently went with the Princess and daughters to Farnborough, to visit the ex-Empress Eugénie. On Wednesday the Prince and Princess opened a bazaar at the Riding School, Knightsbridge, in aid of the fund for restoring Kew Church, while on Thursday evening they were to be present at the Duchess of Sutherland's evening party. The Prince will preside on August 1st at the Guildhall meeting of the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society, commemorating the jubilee of the abolition of slavery in the British Colonies. Prince Albert Victor has dined at Coblenz with the German Empress.

Princess Christian on Monday attended a meeting at the Mansion House in support of a plan to establish a Convalescent Hospital and Home of Rest for poor Londoners. Next day she opened a bazaar at St. Peter's Schools, Hackney, on behalf of the church debt.—The Duke of Connaught has returned to Meerut from the hills to resume his official duties.—The Duke of Albany's will has just been proved. He leaves his wife the whole of his personal property, valued at 46,000*l.*—The Crown Prince and Princess of Germany are shortly expected in the Isle of Wight, and the King of Sweden also comes to England next week on a visit.



ADDRESSING on Tuesday, at Lambeth Palace, the Canterbury Diocesan Conference, the Archbishop of Canterbury said that the election of its lay members ought to be entirely free from clerical influence, and expressed a strong desire to see among them members of Parliament, and other laymen connected with the business of the State. He also held that all communicants of both sexes should be electors. But, in the discussion which followed the Primate's address, the voting of women and of minors was strongly objected to. Ultimately these questions were left to the decision of the Archbishop.

PREACHING AT ST. ANDREW'S, HOLBORN, on Sunday last, the Bishop of Manchester referred to the present political crisis, and quoted with warm approval what he called the "wise words" spoken last week by the Primate in the House of Lords: "Trust the people; give them their proper rights as citizens; and have confidence that they will not abuse them." And could not the pulpit, too, do something more successfully than hitherto to win the people? In our Church reforms, Bishop Fraser said, as well as in our State reforms—and the Church needed reforms as urgently as the State—we must have more of the people.

DR. JACOBSON has not long survived his resignation of the See of Chester at the beginning of the year. He died at the Palace, Chester, on Sunday morning, in his eighty-first year. A few additions remain to be made to the sketch of his career and character which appeared in this column at the time of his resignation. He was the son of a merchant's clerk at Yarmouth, and was educated for the Nonconformist ministry. Altering this intention, he resolved to study for the ministry of the Church of England, and was financially aided when going to Oxford, it is understood, by that well-known Quaker banker, the late Mr. Dawson Turner, of Yarmouth, whose daughter he afterwards married. He became successively a Fellow of Exeter College and Vice-Principal of Magdalen Hall. While he was at Exeter the late Frederick Denison Maurice gained his friendship, and received from him, when it was much wanted, pecuniary aid, delicately as well as seasonably administered. After combining the Regius Professorship of Divinity at Oxford with a Canonry at Christ Church and the Rectory of Ewelme, he was nominated by Lord Palmerston Bishop of Chester soon after he had acted as Chairman of the Oxford Election Committee of Mr. Gladstone, to whose influence, it was understood, he owed his elevation to the episcopate. At the time of his resignation due stress was laid, in the notices of him, on his extreme caution and reticence during a long period of fierce ecclesiastical and theological controversy, and some anecdotes were given illustrative of these peculiarities. A later one is that which records his answer when Regius Professor of Divinity to an inquiry of the ardent controversialist, Archdeacon Denison, as to what he thought of a High Church journal, in the success of which the Archdeacon was believed to have a personal interest. "I think it is the best printed periodical I know," was Dr. Jacobson's cautious, yet to a certain extent complimentary reply.

THE BISHOP OF BEDFORD opened on Tuesday as a public recreation ground the Churchyard of St. Peter's, Hackney Road. It has been laid out with flower-beds and provided with seats by the Kyrle Society.

THE OLD TESTAMENT COMPANY OF REVISERS completed their task last week; but as the work has first to be submitted to Convocation, it will not, in all probability, be published before next Easter.

IN VIEW OF THE EVENTUAL PASSING OF THE FRANCHISE BILL the Liberation Society is organising an agitation for Disestablishment among the agricultural labourers.



M. REYER'S "SIGURD."—The new opera by the French composer, M. Reyer, and the only novelty of the present Italian season, attracted at Covent Garden on Tuesday a splendid audience of personages well known in musical circles. Among them were Madame Patti and Signor Nicolini, Madame Nilsson, Sir Julius and Lady Benedict, Madame Marie Roze (happily recovered from her illness), Colonel Henry Mapleson, Mr. Tom Höhler, Lieutenant-Colonel J. H. Mapleson, Captain and Mrs. Herbert Gye, Mr. and Mrs. Carl Rosa, Mr. Weist Hill, Mr. and Mrs. Ganz, Mr. Durlacher, Mr. and Mrs. Arditi, Lord and Lady Dudley, Mr. Ollier, Sir George Armitage, together with a large muster of the nobility and gentry, and of course all the corps of critics. It is impossible to say that the audience were altogether satisfied with a diffusive, though in many respects powerful, work, which, commencing at eight o'clock, weariedly continued till considerably past midnight. In the first act, to which the important overture was for some reason omitted, we have the legend of the sleeping Brunhild, Hilda's refusal of the hand of Attila, King of the Huns, the arrival of Sigurd (Siegfried of Wagner's adaptation of the thirteenth century "Nibelungenlied," the Icelandic version of which—the "Völsunga Saga"—is familiar through the translation of Mr. William Morris), Sigurd's drinking of the love philtre, handed to him by Hilda, and the hero's determination to rescue the sleeping maiden. But, despite the interest of the story, the act dragged. The second act seems more suitable to extravaganza than opera. The choruses of priests, warning Sigurd of the dangers of his enterprise, are admirable. But the scene with the Norns was, on Tuesday, ridiculous, and after an absurd fight with a body of ballet Walkyries, the situation was rendered doubly ludicrous by an accident. The foot of Sigurd slipped, and he toppled heels over head into the lake, from which he was rescued by the very elves who were trying to lure him into it. The steam arrangement, which exemplified the zone of fire that surrounds the castle of the sleeping Brunhild, likewise refused to work. Beams of electric light were to be thrown through coloured glass on to clouds of steam, to represent flames. But the supply of electric light was limited, and the steam, with its attendant odour, was exceedingly suggestive of the laundry. Brunhild's awakening was beautifully sung by Madame Albani, but Sigurd was compelled to leave the stage to effect repairs to his helmet, damaged by his fall into the mimic water, and the whole situation raised damaging comparisons with the analogous scene in Wagner's *Siegfried*. In the next act Sigurd brings Brunhild to King Gunther, and three lengthy duets (one mercifully expunged) occupy the whole scene. Then come the wedding festivities, choruses, and ballet, perhaps the most effective numbers in the work. The last act, which was begun shortly before midnight, is, however, undeniably the strongest, and few people grudged the length to which



"THE VIOLIN LESSON"
FROM THE DRAWING BY MISS E. A. ARMSTRONG



"THE WINDOW SEAT"
FROM THE PICTURE BY FRANCIS D. MILLET, EXHIBITED AT THE INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN OIL COLOURS

Bruneild's discovery of the fraud and her powerful love duet with Sigurd were spun out. To sum up: the libretto, dramatic as it is, is too full of detail, it contains many absurdities—notably the scene with the elves, the voyage, "in a crystal bark," drawn by three swans, from Iceland to the Rhine, and the ridiculous apotheosis—and it is almost entirely devoid of human interest. The music is, contrary to report, in no way Wagnerian. It was, it seems, written more than twenty years ago, and it is a *mélange* of the styles of Berlioz, Meyerbeer, and Weber. M. Reyers has an abundant gift of melody, chiefly of the French school, he does not abuse the "leitmotif" expedient, his orchestration, always clever, gives, with some exceptions, the necessary variety and relief, and he writes like a veritable master for the chorus. But a friendly hand should prune a considerable amount of declamatory recitative, his scenes, solos, and duets might nearly all be satisfactorily abbreviated from their present amplified form, and other redundant matter might advantageously be dispensed with. Altogether, and despite its faults, *Sigurd* is by far the best operatic production of a season of scant results. M. Reyers, though invited to rehearsals, could not attend. But the performance was an excellent one, particularly as regards Madame Albani, an artist who adorns whatever music she attempts, Madame Fursch-Madi, M. Jourdain, an acceptable tenor *débütant*, and MM. Devoyod, de Reszke, and Soula Croix. The fact that most of the leading artists were French in origin, singing in a French opera, though in the Italian tongue, seems a curious anomaly, to which, under present conditions, opera-goers are subject.

THE GERMAN OPERA.—The German Opera season ended last week with a capital performance of *Lohengrin*, in which Madame Albani took part as Elsa and Fraulein Luger as Ortrud. It is somewhat doubtful whether the season will be resumed next year. The receipts were large, and had the affair been properly managed there is little question that the enterprise would have paid its expenses. As matters have turned out, it will be for the guarantors to decide whether a third attempt will be made next year to encourage a form of art which, if it be not likely to become generally popular, will always have a certain number of enthusiastic votaries.

OPERA ABROAD.—Mr. Gye has tentatively accepted proposals to direct the Metropolitan Opera at New York next winter, in opposition to Mr. Mapleson, stipulating, however, as we understand, that he shall be allowed to relinquish the contract within a specified time, if he finds himself unable to form a strong troupe. This is, it is said, only part of a scheme to work in managerial conjunction the opera houses of London, Paris, and New York, and to provide for an interchange of artists between those centres. It is reported that Mr. Gye is to have in America a guarantee of 18,000*l.* for a fifty-two nights' season. But into details of figures, which are often misquoted, it would hardly be wise to enter.

NOTES AND NEWS.—Miss Edith Santley was married to the Hon. Spencer Lyttelton on Monday. The Prime Minister, Sir George and Lady Macfarren, Messrs. Cusins, Chappell, Ganz, Joachim, Burnand, and Kendal, with their ladies, and a large assemblage of the nobility and artists were present.—The marriages are likewise announced of Miss Giulietta Arditi, daughter of the celebrated conductor, to Mr. Romaine Walker, and of Mr. Henry Davison, eldest son of Mr. J. W. Davison, to Miss Laura Ellen Kenny, niece of the late Charles Lamb Kenny.—At the Promenade Concerts transferable season tickets will also be issued for the reserved seats. Thus a reserved balcony stall will cost 3*l.* 3*s.*, a second tier box 7*l.* 7*s.*, and a first tier box 16*l.* 16*s.* for the season of about ten weeks.—The miscellaneous concerts of the week have included concerts given by Madame Emily Dashwood, Mdle. Barbi, Signor Mario Costa (nephew of Sir Michael, and at which M. de Lara and Miss Alexandra Ehrenberg sang), Signor Carlo Ducci, and others.—Rubenstein's new opera is to be produced this autumn at Hamburg.—The Viscountess Folkestone organised a concert at Prince's Hall, on Wednesday. The whole of the chorists and stringed orchestra were ladies: many of them ladies of title.—The death is announced, at the age of sixty-four, of Mr. J. G. Waetzig, sergeant-trumpeter to the Queen, and formerly of Her Majesty's private band.—It is reported that M. Reyers's *Sigurd*, on its repetition on Saturday, will be considerably, and with advantage, abridged.—The Prince of Wales has promised to attend Madame Nilsson's concert at the Albert Hall on Wednesday.—Notice of Madame Helene Crossmond's *début* at the Opera on Thursday must be postponed. The season will end next week.



The vote of last week by which the Conservatives rejected the Franchise Bill on the Second Reading has not proved even a temporary ending of strife. Since then both Houses of Parliament have been in an unwonted condition of excitement. On Thursday in last week Mr. Gladstone came down and made the anticipated statement consequent upon the throwing out of the Bill. With two exceptions, all the measures standing upon the Orders were straightway abandoned. The exceptions were the Bill dealing with corrupt practices at municipal elections, and the Medical Act Amendment Bill. But only of the former did the Premier speak with any confidence—a caution likely to be justified by coming events. For the rest, everything is swept aside, and the course left clear for dealing with Supply. At the same time the Premier intimated that the House would be asked to yield up Wednesdays, thus completing the appropriation for Government business of the time of the House, with the exception of Fridays, when, as usual, all kinds of miscellaneous topics may be introduced on the motion to go into Committee of Supply. How this works was shown on Friday, when at eight o'clock the House was counted out. In spite of accusations to the contrary, Mr. Gladstone labours under an anxiety for the rights of private members sometimes disproportionate. If he had asked for Fridays as well as Wednesdays no one would have demurred, and the sitting might as well have been saved for useful purposes—if indeed there is any more useful purpose than counting out the House.

Before the count-out of Friday the storm burst. On the previous day Mr. Gladstone had met his supporters at a mass meeting at the Foreign Office, and had communicated to them the Ministerial intention with respect to the business of the Session. In quite an incidental manner he had communicated the information that on Tuesday, just before the division on the Second Reading of the Franchise Bill was taken, a communication was made to the Leaders of the Opposition proposing that the Government should, in the most solemn manner known to Parliamentary usage, bind themselves to devote next Session to the Redistribution scheme. This was a matter of surprise to the Liberals, but it is not too much to say that it came as a shock upon the Conservative Peers. Not a word of this important communication had been mentioned to them, either privately or publicly, and, whilst anxiously looking on all sides for a way out of the difficulty, this one had been concealed from them.

The personage not least disconcerted was Lord Salisbury, who found himself publicly and privately assailed for what on the face of it scarcely looked like a creditable performance. With characteristic

boldness, instead of stooping to explanations or excuses, Lord Salisbury furiously turned upon Mr. Gladstone, and accused him of being guilty of an "utter fabrication." The Premier was reported to have used words which left the impression that upon the overtures being made to him Lord Salisbury answered that he "would not discuss Redistribution with a rope round his neck." Before the complaint was made Mr. Gladstone had written a letter to Earl Granville correcting this impression. It is, perhaps, not a very important matter whether at a particular juncture Lord Salisbury did or did not make use of this observation. There was no harm in it one way or another, and it certainly picturesquely expresses his well-known views, and summarises a score of his speeches. But Lord Salisbury, endeavouring to fasten attention on this point, made a heated speech denunciatory of Mr. Gladstone. "What would you say, my Lords," he solemnly exclaimed, turning to his supporters, "if this were an utter fabrication?" The scene grew in liveliness when Lord Granville and Earl Cairns struggled for precedence at the table, and the extraordinary spectacle was presented of the House of Lords dividing on the question whether Earl Granville or Lord Cairns should speak first. The Leader of the House won by a single vote. Lord Cairns subsequently made his speech, and there the matter dropped.

In the House of Commons the subject was taken up and dealt with in an infinitely more effectual manner, probably because it was under the direction of Lord Randolph Churchill. The rope-round-the-neck discrepancy was trotted out, and Mr. Gladstone made his explanation. But this puerile cause for quarrel was soon merged in the much more important and attractive question as to whether disclosure of the communication that had passed between Lord Granville and Lord Cairns was or was not a confidential communication. Lord Salisbury in his speech had laid no stress on this, being chiefly occupied with the shameful fabrication about the rope round the neck. Lord Randolph Churchill at the outset touched upon it lightly, but as he went on he saw how much better a weapon it was to fight with, and thereafter he entirely depended upon it, as did successive speakers. It was openly charged that these debates were started with the object of distracting the attention of the offended Peers from the course adopted by Lord Salisbury in withholding the communication of the Ministerial overtures. If that was the design it more than failed. The debate in the Commons took a quite dramatic turn. Sir Stafford Northcote, as Leader of the Opposition, had been entrusted by Lord Salisbury with the solemn duty of denying the rope-round-the-neck accusation. Lord Randolph Churchill knowing this, rushed in before Sir Stafford could move, and took the direction of affairs in his own hand. Having at the outset appeared to champion Lord Salisbury, at least to the extent of abusing Mr. Gladstone, he at the close of the debate, to use an expressive American phrase, "gave him away." He directly appealed to Mr. Gladstone to say whether the offer made to Lord Salisbury on Tuesday was still open. If it were, he added, the gravest responsibility would attach to any Leaders who declined to accept it. Mr. Gladstone at once rose, and said Ministers were in the same mind as they were on Tuesday, and the subject dropped, with a grave consciousness on all sides that a time-wasting squabble had suddenly developed into an important crisis.

In the scarcely disguised attitude of the Lords, following a lead they distrust and treading a path the environments of which they fear, the conclusion of Friday night's conversation in the House of Lords was instant and important. The first outward sign was perceived in a motion immediately placed on the orders by Lord Wemyss, proposing that the Franchise Bill should forthwith be passed, and Parliament summoned to meet in the autumn to deal with the question of Redistribution. When notice of this intention was orally given by Lord Wemyss in the House on Monday Lord Granville announced that the Government would accept the proposal, and were prepared in November to bring in a Redistribution Bill, supposing the Franchise Bill were forthwith agreed to. This frank advance to meet the sole expressed objection of the Peers—namely, that a Redistribution Bill cannot be passed in time to come into operation simultaneously with the Franchise Bill—completed the embarrassment of Lord Salisbury. An attempt to grapple with circumstances was made by summoning a meeting of the Party at the Carlton Club on Tuesday. Here it was almost unanimously agreed not to accept Lord Wemyss's notion, which brings about too sudden humiliation by causing the Lords to accept one week what they hotly and indignantly refused to yield to the previous week. But the many suggestions offered with the object of coming to terms with the Commons and avoiding the struggle with the people must have been almost as painful to Lord Salisbury as absolute defeat. They showed that whilst the Lords demanded something more than a week in which to surrender, the three months that intervene before the autumn Session will be amply sufficient for the purpose.

Whilst by exception the political crisis has centred attention upon the House of Lords, the House of Commons has since Friday been peacefully going forward with the work of Supply. The Government now, as stated, have fully four days a week; and as the House occasionally sits till four o'clock in the morning, Supply is being steadily granted.



MR. BURNAND having revived the fashion of parodying the dramatic successes of the day, it has occurred to a gentleman named Yardley, well known both in the cricket field and on the amateur stage, that it would be well to take in hand the new piece at the Prince's Theatre, which, as our readers are aware, is the joint production of Mr. Comyns Carr and Mr. Hugh Conway, and is based on the latter writer's famous novelette, entitled *Called Back*. The choice, no doubt, was a judicious one, for the original piece is undoubtedly popular, and its somewhat melodramatic complexion affords opportunities for satire and ludicrous exaggeration which, in skilful hands, might doubtless be turned to good account. Unfortunately, Mr. Yardley's hands are not skilful. He has called his travesty *Scalded Back*, with the sub-title "or the *Comin' Scars*," in which the sagacious playgoer will have no difficulty in discovering a jingling allusion to the name of one of the dramatists referred to; but unhappily his humorous invention seems to have exhausted itself in this great effort, unless we take account of the notion of representing the murder as effected, not by stabbing, but by pouring boiling water down the back of the victim, a change which seems to have been adopted for no other reason than that of supplying a meaning to an otherwise meaningless title. Mr. Yardley's skit, which was brought out at the NOVELTY Theatre on Saturday evening, received some aid from Mr. Nicholls' burlesque imitation of Mr. Kyrie Bellew and Miss Lottie Venne's caricature of Miss Lingard. Otherwise it proved a rather dull affair.

Madame Sarah Bernhardt has been studious to give variety, if not absolute novelty, to her series of performances at the Gaiety, and has already appeared in some half-dozen of her finest impersonations. The general depression of theatrical affairs, however, has had its effect even upon the attractions of this immensely popular actress, and, with the exception of one or two occasions of special interest, her audiences have been decidedly thinner than they have been wont

to be. Yet never have her great powers been shown to more advantage than this season in *Fédora*, *Frau-Frau*, *Ruy Blas*, and we would have added *Adrienne Lecouvreur*, but for a certain air of careless unconcern discernible in her recent performance of this character, up to the moment, at least, of her painful but impressive death scene. On Friday evening of this week she was to repeat her Lady Macbeth, undismayed by the cold reception which her efforts in Shakespearean drama have met with. We are told, moreover, that she is studying the part, not of Juliet, but Romeo, with a view to playing it on the French, and subsequently on the English stage. It is to be hoped that the French version in which she will appear will be better in quality than M. Richépin's *Macbeth*, which was, really too severe a trial for the patience and gravity of English audiences.

Among the numerous morning performances which have this week marked the closing days of the theatrical season the most important are Miss Kate Vaughan's *matinée* at the Gaiety on Thursday, and the benefit to Mr. Charles Kelly at the Prince's on Wednesday. At the former, which was unfortunately at too late a date for notice this week, Miss Vaughan appeared in the late Madame Dejazet's popular part of the precociously gay Viscount de Létorières. Mr. Kelly played one or two of his best parts, and was supported by a host of talent, strikingly testifying to the esteem in which this excellent actor is held by his professional brethren.

Mr. Toole has taken his farewell of London for some months to come. His customary benefit, or rather benefits—for so numerous are the distinguished brother and sister artists who gather around him at these times, that he is induced to give both morning and evening performances—took place last week, and was characterised by extensive programmes, Mr. Sims Reeves singing ballads on the occasion. From the parting address, which is an indispensable feature of these exhilarating gatherings, we learn that Mr. Toole has in hand for next season a comedy by the late Mr. Byron, besides pieces by Mr. Herman Merivale and Mr. Burnand. He contemplates also—if his announcement on this point is to be seriously taken—producing one of Shakespeare's comedies.

It appears that *Diplomacy* (M. Sardou's *Dora*), with Miss Calhoun in the part of Dora, and Mrs. Bernard Beere in that of the Countess Zicka, will take the place of *The Rivals* at the Haymarket at the commencement of the winter season. Mrs. Bancroft, who was the original representative of the crafty Countess, will now appear as Lady Henry Fairfax, an incidental personage, but one who is likely to prove very amusing in such excellent hands. Mr. Bancroft is to resume the character of Count Orloff. Mr. Cecil being now engaged elsewhere, the part of Baron Stein will be represented by that skilful character actor Mr. Brookfield, who, by the way, will have the direction of a summer season at the Haymarket, to commence on the 9th of August, with a company which includes Miss Nelly Bromley, Mr. Conway, and Mr. Herbert Reeves.

From the letter of a correspondent of the *Daily News*, who was present in the pit on the occasion of the first performance of *Twelfth Night*, it seems pretty clear that Mr. Irving's persecutors, though very few in number, represented something like an organised conspiracy to disturb for the sake of mere wanton mischief. This, however, only serves to place in a stronger light the imprudence of devoting a speech to what seemed rather to require the services of a police constable. Publicly to claim respect from such roysterers on the ground that the Lyceum company were "sober, clean, and perfect" was surely as undignified as Mr. Irving's expression of surprise that his audience should have felt anything but "gratification and pleasure" was out of place in the mouth of a manager and leading performer.

New plays in the latter days of July seem a little out of season. Nevertheless, two new pieces are to be produced on Tuesday next. One, an original comedy, by two distinguished writers—Mr. Walter Besant and Mr. Walter Heries Pollock—is to be played in the evening, for the first time, at ST. GEORGE'S HALL, among other entertainments, for the benefit of the funds of the Great Northern Central Hospital; its title is *The Charm*. The other, an historical play of the days of Claverhouse and the Covenanters, is the work of Mr. E. Boyd, and is entitled *The Lost Cause*. It will be played in the afternoon, at the GLOBE Theatre, for the benefit of Mr. E. C. Stafford.

The performances at the PRINCESS'S Theatre this afternoon will bring the present season to a close. They will consist of *Claudian*, followed by *Chatterton*; so that Mr. Wilson Barrett will, in the course of three hours, twice die a painful death for the entertainment of his patrons.

The ST. JAMES'S season also closes to night. We believe the house will remain closed till the return of Mr. Hare and Mr. and Mrs. Kendal in September next.

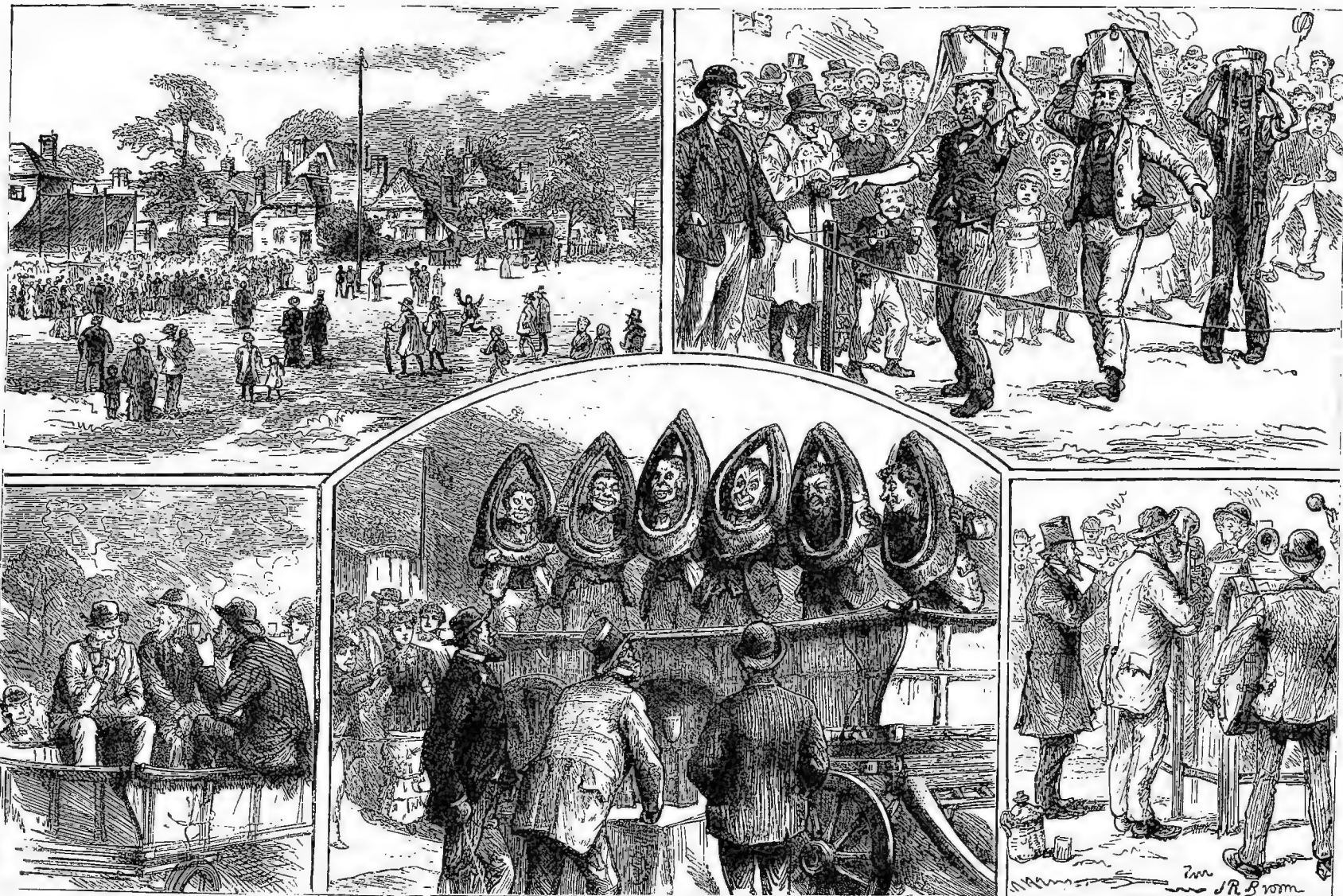
TOOLE'S Theatre, which has been closed since the departure of its popular proprietor last week, reopens this evening for a short season with performances by the company of Mr. Daly's Theatre in New York under the direction of Mr. Terriss.



MR. H. E. SMITH, of the Midland Circuit, has been appointed to the Recordership of Newark, vacant by the transfer of Mr. Saint to the Recordership of Leicester.

THE QUESTION WHETHER ALIMONY is or is not alienable came before the Court of Appeal under the following circumstances:—A wife judicially separated from her husband obtained an order for permanent alimony to the amount of 60*l.* a year. The husband became a lunatic, and an order was made in Lunacy to continue the payment of the alimony. Subsequently the wife assigned her annuity for a lump sum to a nephew, who mortgaged it, and he and the mortgagee petitioned the Court to order that the alimony should be paid to them instead of to the wife. Lord Justice Baggallay, in refusing the petition, made reference to the practice of the Lord Justices in Lunacy. But Lord Justices Cotton and Lindley, while concurring with Lord Justice Baggallay, refused the petition on the broader ground that alimony is inalienable. "Alimony," Lord Justice Lindley said, "is not property in its proper sense. It is an allowance, like that of a husband to a wife, or a father to a child." As the general question of the alienability of alimony does not seem to have been settled by the Courts, the decision, as thus formulated, of the Court of Appeal, is important.

THROUGH THE NEGLIGENCE of the manager of an iron and coal mining company, a section of a coal mine was rendered dangerous. Two men went down into the mine, one of them into the part that was dangerous, and became insensible. The other gallantly went to rescue him, and after considerable effort for that object himself succumbed to the effect of the deadly gas, and died of suffocation. His widow brought an action for compensation, when the company pleaded that they were not liable, on the ground that he had acted as a mere volunteer, and that his death was the result of his own rashness. The jury, however, decided in favour of the widow, and the company asked that the verdict should be set aside on the ground already stated. Mr. Baron Huddleston was of opinion that



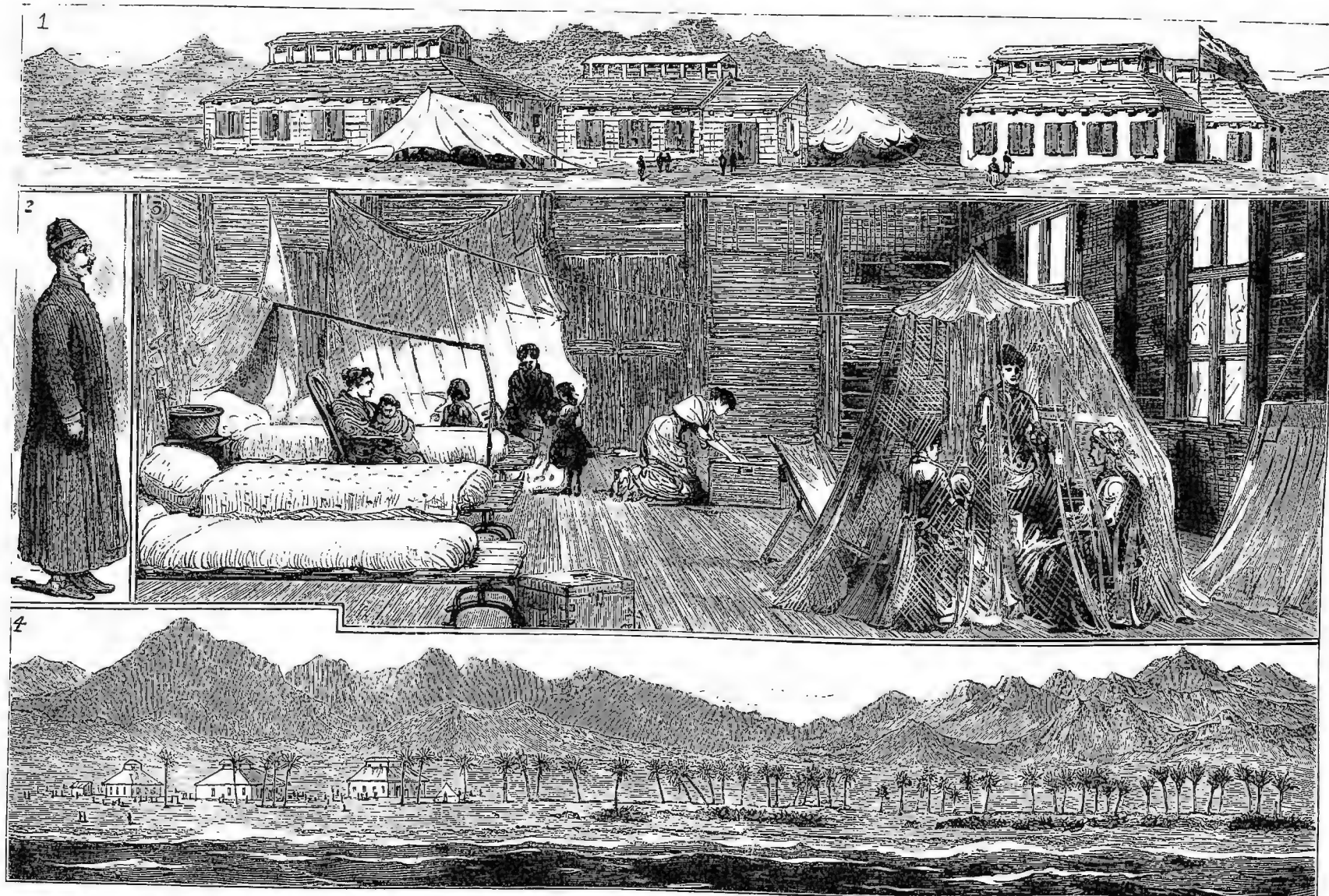
THE VILLAGE GREEN
THE TOBACCO-SMOKING COMPETITION

GRINNING THROUGH HORSE COLLARS

A DEAD HEAT IN THE PAIL OF WATER RACE

THE VILLAGE BAND

RUSTIC SPORTS IN AN ENGLISH VILLAGE



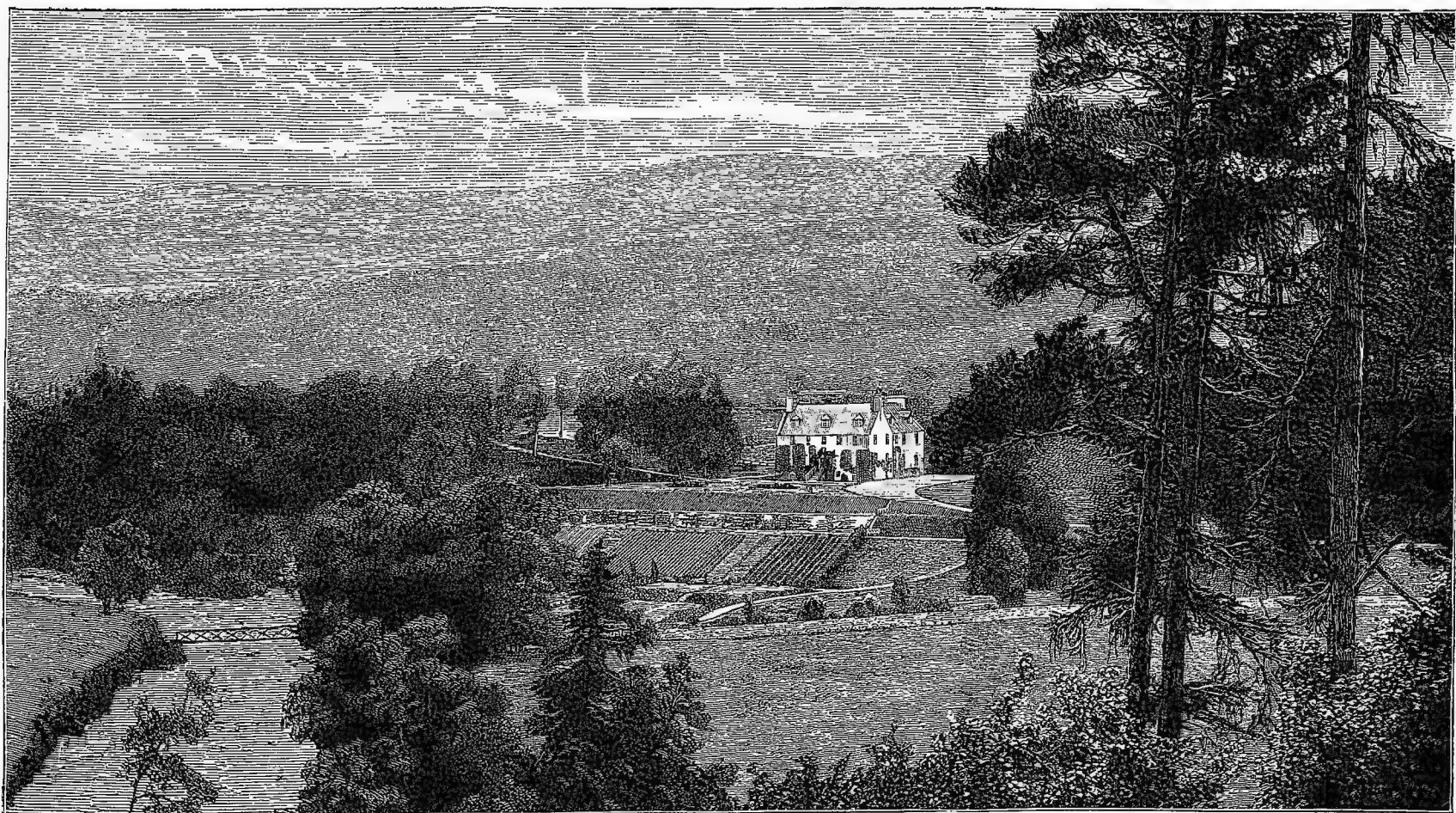
1. Wooden Sheds on Shore for the Passengers of Quarantined Ships.—2. Abdil Al, an Egyptian Resident at El Tor, Told Off to Wait Upon the English Sojourners.—3. Interior of the Ladies' Quarantine Shed.—4. El Tor, from the Sea.

S.S. "MIRA" IN QUARANTINE AT EL TOR ON THE ARABIAN COAST



1. Collecting Boxes.—2. A Moist Discourse.—3. The First to Come, and the Last to Leave.—4. Dispensing the Sacrament Under Difficulties.—5. A Minister,—
6. Carrying Home the Sermon.—7. A Sea of Umbrellas.

FREE CHURCH COMMUNION AT STROME FERRY, SCOTTISH HIGHLANDS
THE SCENE OF THE SUNDAY RIOTS LAST YEAR



BIRK HALL, NEAR BALLATER, A SCOTCH RESIDENCE OF THE PRINCE OF WALES

the case of the widow might be put thus :—The life of her husband's comrade was endangered through his employers' negligence, for which they incurred liability, and from this the husband endeavoured to save them by attempting to rescue. However, the rule nisi which the company asked for was granted, though hesitatingly.

A MEMBER OF THE VESTRY of St. Mary, Newington, asked the magistrate of Southwark Police Court how he could compel it to carry out the provisions of the Adulteration Act, his motion for the appointment of an inspector to carry out the law having been defeated, he alleged, by a combination of shopkeepers. Mr. Bridge said that it was not in his province to give legal advice to perplexed Vestrymen, and recommended him to consult the President of the Local Government Board.



THE TURF.—The racing during the last few days at Four Oaks Park, Yarmouth, and Winchester has been uneventful. At the last-named meeting Lord Charles made up for his Stockbridge defeat and took the Foal Stakes, and Hussah scored twice, winning Her Majesty's Plate and the Hampshire Handicap. The City Members' Plate brought out ten runners, of whom Phryne with Archer up was made a hot favourite, and was won by the outsider of the party in the shape of the Bagpipe filly, who started at 20 to 1. She was ridden by S. Woodlands, jun., the son of the owner, who bought her for 15 guineas the previous afternoon.—The sale of the twenty-two Yardley Stud yearlings, at an average of over 400 guineas each, seems to show that however scarce money may be in most quarters, there is some left in racing circles. The two highest priced animals, reaching 2,100 and 2,000 guineas respectively, were both sired by Hermit.—The entrances for the Derby of 1886 show an increase of twelve over those for next year, notwithstanding the absence of American nominations. The fact that Lord Falmouth has entered an animal is taken by some to indicate that his lordship may yet again take a part in racing; but however this may be all are glad to hear that his health has improved of late.

CRICKET.—Drawn games seem to have been rather the order of the day lately at cricket. Eton and Harrow had to draw; and this, if we remember rightly, is the third match in succession which has been put on the record as "unfinished." During the last decade there have been altogether five "unfinished" matches, which is eminently an unsatisfactory state of things. May we venture to suggest that three days instead of two should be apportioned for the game, or that play should begin much earlier on each of the two days? The draw last Saturday was much in favour of Harrow, which made in the first innings 126 against the 82 of Eton, and in the second had scored 152 with the loss of six wickets.—Another draw was that between the Australians and England at Manchester. The score was Australia 182, and England 95 and 180, with one wicket to fall, when the stumps were drawn on Saturday evening, a state of affairs manifestly in favour of the Australians. No very big scores marked the game, Shrewsbury's 43 being the highest.—The twenty-ninth annual match between Cheltenham and Marlborough schools was another draw, Cheltenham being decidedly in the best position.—The Australians, as might have been expected, have defeated Leicestershire. The victory was won by ten wickets, but on the first innings the Midland County team scored within 32 of their opponents.—Lancashire in a capital match has beaten Yorkshire by six wickets, Briggs for Lancashire making 75 in his first innings. The great feature of the game was the bowling of Barlow, who got thirteen of the Yorkshire wickets for only 66 runs.—Surrey in the return match completely turned the tables on Middlesex, winning the game by seven wickets.—Surrey also has another victory to put on record, having beaten Sussex by ten wickets.—The Philadelphia Amateurs continue to show fair form, having beaten the Gentlemen of Northumberland, and played a drawn game, much in favour of our visitors, against the Gentlemen of Derbyshire. Of the fourteen matches they have played they have won seven, lost three, and drawn four—a pretty good record. Could a match be possibly arranged between them and the Australians, just to show what stand they could make against the Antipodean bowling?—I see that the sub-committee of the Melbourne Cricket Club has suggested some amendments to the new Code of "laws" as recently passed by our M.C.C. Among them one is to the effect that an "over" shall consist of six balls instead of four as at present; and the reasons formally appended for the suggestion are that "it would shorten the game, relieve the field, and be found more in favour with the general body of spectators." The writer of these lines has strongly advocated this "six balls over" for a quarter of a century, and believes that the cricketing world generally is ripe for this much-needed reform.—For a big score, note D. L. Steel's 226, at Sifton Park, the other day, which was supplemented by H. B. Steel's modest 100.

TRICYCLING.—The races for the One and Five Miles Amateur Tricycling Championships at the Crystal Palace on Saturday last were hardly satisfactory, "waiting" tactics being the order of the day. Both events were won by C. E. Liles, of the London Athletic Club, but the "records" were far from good.

ATHLETICS.—At the third of the meetings organised by the South London Harriers and the Manhattan Club of New York, and held at Nottingham on Saturday last, Myers, of the Manhattan, "made a record" of 1 min. 13 2-5 secs. in the 600 yards. In the 150 yards J. M. Cowie, the English Sprint Champion, defeated the American Champion, A. Waldron; and in the 1,500 yards Frederick, of the Manhattan, had to succumb to Snook, of the Moseley Harriers. In the Three Miles Walking Match Murray, the American Champion, had it all his own way. Our Champion athlete, W. G. George, has not yet met Myers; but arrangements have been made for a series of three races—half a mile, 1,000 yards, and 1,200 yards—at the forthcoming meeting at Birmingham, and it is to be hoped that the two Champions will now try conclusions. It is possible, or rather probable, that two of these events may be at special meetings in London.

LAWN TENNIS.—Under the auspices of the All-England Lawn Tennis Club, which stands in the same relation to that game as the Marylebone Club does to cricket, the Championship Tournament at Wimbledon has been an unprecedented success. Of course the great event was the final game between Mr. Lawford and Mr. W. Renshaw for the Championship, which was won by Mr. Renshaw, who is now Champion for the fourth successive year.

COACHING.—The "Butterfly" coaching season is now at its climax, and just now one of the most popular sights in London is the morning start and evening return of the four-in-hands, which have been doing better business than for some seasons. They are mostly driven by amateur whips. The Guildford, Dorking, and Virginia Water coaches are among the chief favourites. There is a talk of a Brighton coach soon being put on. Among provincial ventures the most successful are Brighton and Eastbourne, the Folkestone and Canterbury, and the Canterbury and Margate coaches.

SWIMMING.—The Half Mile Amateur Championship has been won on the Welsh Harp water by G. Bell, of the Sandringham and

Unity S.C., in 14 min. 35½ sec. D. Ainsworth, of the Serpentine S.C., who won it in the three previous years, was among the dozen starters, his record last year being 14 min. 23½ sec.

AQUATICS.—The Metropolitan Amateur Regatta was a fair success, but it does not seem to increase in popularity. The Challenge Cup for Metropolitan Eights was won by the Anglian R.C., and the Thames Cup for Fours by the London R.C.; but the race of the meeting, and indeed of the season, was the dead heat between the London R.C. and the Thames R.C. The London Cup for Scullers was won easily by R. H. Smith, of the Thames R.C., and there is a general impression that he will beat the Henley Diamonds hero, Unwin, of Oxford, in the race for the coming Wingfields. The Thames R.C. have had a good time at the Hamburg Regatta, the Junior and Senior Fours winning their races, and the Eight securing the Grand Hammonia Prize, for which a Hamburg crew was second and a Berlin third.

SHOOTING.—Sportsmen have further good news, as in addition to the excellent reports from the grouse moors partridge prospects, especially in the southern part of England, are most favourably spoken of, the hatching time having been most propitious. Hares, unfortunately, are becoming more and more scarce in most districts, a result which cannot be dissociated from the Ground Game Act.

—Sporting dogs seem to maintain good prices, if we may judge from the fact that a few days ago, when a draft of black and tan Gordon setters from the celebrated kennel of the Earl of Rosslyn were disposed of by auction at Aldridge's Depository, 4½ brace of dogs fetched 77½ guineas. Lord Sifton sold five brace of pointers for 106 guineas. A brace of pointers, thirteen months old, from Mr. H. Beale's kennel, realised 42 guineas.



JULY IN ENGLAND is the hottest of the months, its mean temperature being 62°·47 against 59°·74 of June and 61°·90 of August. It also boasts the hottest day, the 17th of July on the mean of thirty-five years having had a shade warmth of 63°·65, whereas the hottest day of August, the 2nd, gives 63°·04, and the hottest day of June, the 28th, 61°·89. July is also a month of great variation, a warmth gradient of 17°·72 degrees being a mean of thirty-five years. The barometer in July usually stands rather lower than in June, but higher than in August. Few people recognise that July is one of the wettest months of the year. In London it is the wettest after October, at Oxford it even exceeds October's record. In South-West England it is much drier than in the Eastern counties, which on the average of the twelvemonth are drier than the south-west by as much as 10 inches. Last July in London just two inches of rain fell, but the present month bids fair to show an over-average record. The London mean for the last ten years is 2·63; for the previous twenty-five years it was 2·70. The drought of June has made the rainfall which we have recently had exceedingly beneficial, especially as the moisture has been obtained without any grave depression of the thermometer. The corn has been somewhat knocked about in places, but for the most part the strong yet short straw has enabled the cereals to stand up well under heavy downpours. The oat crop, which is the principal cereal yield of Scotland and Ireland, may be said to have been saved since Midsummer, and the barley has been immensely benefitted. The rain has come too late for the roots, and turnips are very poor. In many cases they never came through at all, and where they did break the clods the fly at once attacked them. Hops, however, have been well washed by the rains, and farmers have much to be grateful for in the present season.

SCOTLAND has again been visited by heavy thunderstorms, and on the east coast some curiously dense fogs have prevailed. The rainfall in most parts of the kingdom has been considerable, and has proved of immense benefit to oats, the chief cereal product of North Britain. The wheat crop is of full average promise, and barley shows a great improvement. This crop looks best this year on the heaviest soils, off which, with a fine August, some splendid malting barley, worth 40s. to 45s. per quarter, should be secured. The barley crops on the lighter soils are comparatively thin. Turnips are more or less of a failure; but potatoes are of good promise. The hay is light but of fine quality.

THE ROYAL SHOW AT SHREWSBURY has had fair luck in the way of weather, yet a contrast is made with the long spell of hot dry weather which preceded the present rather broken period. We must remember, however, that if Shrewsbury has not been so entirely favoured as might be wished, Lynn, Guildford, Saffron Walden, Ipswich, Wallingford, and a number of other places have had thronged exhibitions, so that the development and extension of agricultural shows have been part and parcel of ordinary farmers' talk. Since the last Royal Show, the importance of ensilage has become so manifest that it has been impossible for the chief Society in the country to ignore it. Remissness in recognising the new process has compelled Shrewsbury to play second fiddle to Maidstone, where silos were well shown some time ago; but the successful opening of a silo in the show-yard filled with sweet ensilage constitutes a new feature, in which the Royal has taken its due position and led the way. The establishment of a silo on all large farms looks like being a mere matter of time and landlords' capital; for, although tenant farmers have already put up a number of silos, the store-pit should be permanent and strongly made, and in all ways of the character of a landlord's improvement. Good barns, a covered cattle-yard, and a good silo will add to the letting value of a farm more than the mere interest of the cost of those improvements. They at once elevate a holding into the first class, and, in times when tenants are hard to get, will prove a truly good investment for owners wise enough to make them. The Implement show at Shrewsbury has attracted especial attention, self-binding harvesters being a great feature by reason of the valuable prizes offered. A really cheap and simple, yet useful and effective binder, made to follow a self-delivery swathe-reaper, and take up and tie the sheaves, may be regarded as the harvesting desideratum. The approaches already made are highly encouraging; but it cannot be said that perfection is yet attained. On the cattle, sheep, and pigs at Shrewsbury we shall comment next week.

THE FRENCH HARVEST is now in full progress, and the fortune of our neighbours in this matter deserves a passing note. In the south-east the wheat is a crop of rather under average bulk, but of better quality than usual. It has been secured under the most favourable circumstances. In the south-west, violent rain-storms occurred in the middle of harvesting. They beat down the corn still uncut, and drenched that which lay in the fields. Hence farmers fear that the yield will add the defects of dampness and poor condition to that of an under-average quantity of grain. In the centre rye is a fair crop, and the greater bulk has been favourably harvested. The wheat harvest has just begun, and a moderate quantity of over acreage quality is expected. In the north, the wheat promises a good yield in quantity and a very fine sample, but oats have suffered severely from drought. Barley is very unequal, and the potatoes and vegetable crops are also suffering. On the other hand, the fruit is good this year. In Brittany and the west splendid weather during June has been succeeded by a rainy time, which has

proved immensely refreshing to the spring corn. As this part of France is always rather late in its harvest, a return to hot and dry weather is now all that is needed for the commencement of the ingathering of some very fine crops. The wheat in many parts is stated to have a splendid appearance, and there are good reports from the more famous barley districts. Oats are poor and flagging in the east of France, and barley does not look very well. The wheat is somewhat thin in the ground, so that while excellent quality is looked for an average in quantity will hardly be attained. Most authorities would assume a hundred million hectolitres as an outside for the wheat harvest of France as a whole, but they expect this year's grain will go farther than that of 1883. The rye is decidedly under acreage without being the failure that was feared in May.

THE PRICE OF BREAD.—"The middlemen of the Master Bakers' Association are now quietly putting from 25 to 40 per cent. more than their legitimate profits into their pockets, and the poor obtain none of the much-talked-of advantage of cheap wheat." Such is the strange and violent statement to which, on the authority of an eminent analyst, more than one daily paper has recently committed itself. Against such wild assertions, all that is necessary is an appeal to the facts of prices; for much as we may dislike the middleman in some things, the baker has been found a useful tradesman from the time of the Pharaohs. The test of price may be applied in two ways. We may take the price in London for good white wheat, such as will make 100 loaves for a quarter of the wheat. Such wheat can be bought in large quantities for 42s. per quarter, or 504 pence. This gives a small fraction over 5d. for the "cost of material." The miller has now to be paid for grinding it into flour, and the baker for baking it into bread. The latter has to keep up a shop, and to deliver the bread by carts or men. We are not now speaking of poor neighbourhoods. After these inevitable expenses, is it so unreasonable that 6½d. should be charged, which is 5d. for cost of wheat, ½d. for making it into flour, ½d. for making the flour into bread, and ½d. for tradesman's premises, delivery, and credit? Or take the East End of London:—In the poorer districts bread can be bought for 5d. generally, and for 4½d. in the very poorest. The wheat of which even the cheapest bread is made costs 34s. to 35s. per quarter, and does not go so far in making loaves as does the better wheat. The margin of profit, therefore, is really poor, nor, as a matter of fact, do we find many bakers grow rich. The exceptions are mostly men like Mr. Nevill or Mr. Hill, who have managed to hit off wants of the luxurious classes.

AN ABYSSINIAN ELEPHANT is being sent to the Queen as a present from King Johannes.

THE EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS was opened on Sunday for the first time to members of the Sunday Society. Next Sunday the public will be admitted by tickets obtained through the Society.

THE FIRST ALPINE ACCIDENT OF THE YEAR has occurred on Mont Blanc. A member of the Swiss Alpine Club, M. Göttinger, with his guides, was ascending the Grande Jorasse from Courmayeur, when an avalanche of stones overtook the party. M. Göttinger was so injured that he died shortly afterwards, but the guides escaped with slight bruises.

MADAME TUSSAUD'S EXHIBITION has left its old home for a handsome new building in the Italian style near the Baker Street station. Since this famous waxwork gathering of celebrities was opened in 1834 the collection has much outgrown its quarters, and the present museum is of considerable size. The chief feature of the building is the fine white marble staircase from Baron Grant's Kensington mansion, which cost 11,000l. The interior is prettily decorated, and on each side of the staircase hang pictures of the Queen in her Coronation robes and George IV. The glass domes give a cheerful appearance to the collection, which undoubtedly shows to far better advantage than in the former cramped space.

SPECIAL COUNTRY AND SEASIDE LETTER PAPER is now used by French fashionables. The paper is of dull grey or écu tone, without any crest or monogram, but the right hand corner is ornamented with a tiny etching of the sender's abode. This should be sketched by the writer's own pen, if possible. Toilettes at the seaside resorts are not so eccentric this year as usual. Sober-minded ladies wear the "Jansenist" costume of a plain severe type, or the "Puritan" collar of Cromwellian fashion, while their lively sisters prefer the "military" and "Hungarian" style, covered with masses of braid. In the evening they appear as a "pretty milleress" in rustic garb, as a classic Sappho in Grecian draperies, or a "variegated pink" in elaborate toilettes of shot silk.

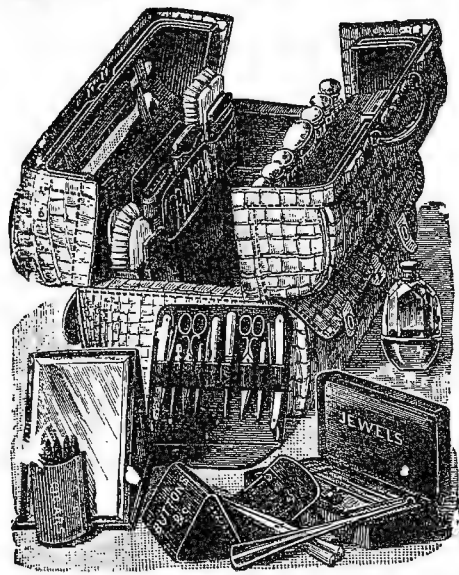
PATRIOTIC EMBLEMS to be worn during the National Fête form a very productive branch of manufacture in Paris. Thus many small houses of business which had been preparing these trinkets for months past were greatly alarmed lest the fête should be put off, and their stock left on their hands. This year the favourite device was a tiny metal model of the Bastille, from which hung tricoloured chenille pompons. Swallows—the emblem of Liberty—as brooches and earrings, scarf-pins with the head of the Republic, miniature national flags and hosts of red, white, and blue ribbon knots and rosettes of all shapes, decked each enthusiastic Republican, big and little, and everybody was ready to buy a "commemorative medal." Altogether Parisians spend some 4,000l. on these trifles in the oneday, and the surplus are sent into the provinces for sale at the local fairs.

LONDON MORTALITY increased considerably last week, and the deaths numbered 1,849, against 1,508 during the previous seven days, being a rise of 341, and 208 above the average. The death-rate also was the highest recorded this year—24 per 1,000. At last, however, small-pox shows signs of decline, and the fatal cases last week diminished to 21 from 30, and were only 9 above the average, while the number of patients in the Metropolitan Asylums Hospitals fell to 1,242, the new cases admitted being decidedly fewer. Fifteen additional deaths from this disease, however, occurred outside registration London. The fatal cases of diarrhoea and dysentery rose to 336 from 104, exceeding the average by 115, while 16 were ascribed to choleraic diarrhoea and cholera, being 6 above the usual return. There were 57 deaths from whooping-cough (an increase of 4), 42 from measles (a fall of 14), 27 from enteric fever (a rise of 3), 23 from scarlet fever (a decrease of 3), 15 from diphtheria, 2 from ill-defined forms of fever, and 1 from typhus. Different forms of violence caused 72 deaths, of which 61 were the result of negligence or accident, and 9 were suicides. There were 2,409 births registered, against 2,458 in the previous week, being 220 below the average. The mean temperature was 65°·9 deg., and 3°·1 deg. above the average.

NOTE.—With reference to our review on July 5, of Mr. Edmond Walters' book, "The Pearl of Anjou, and Other Poems" (Alexander and Shephard), we complained of his mixture of metaphor. Mr. Walters points out that this criticism was rendered more severe by our printer having erroneously used the word "dress" instead of "deep." In fairness to the author, therefore, we reproduce the entire passage as it should be:—

Rageth more fierce than erst it slumbered mild,
And roareth, leaping wilder, and more wild;—
Soon as the battle's devilment is o'er,
Vanished and spent, all beauty and all power.
E'en as a furnace, lying unalarmed
In fairy deep of glowing light becalmed,
To meet the gale leaps high as ocean spray,
Nor quails to lift the gauntlet for the fray;

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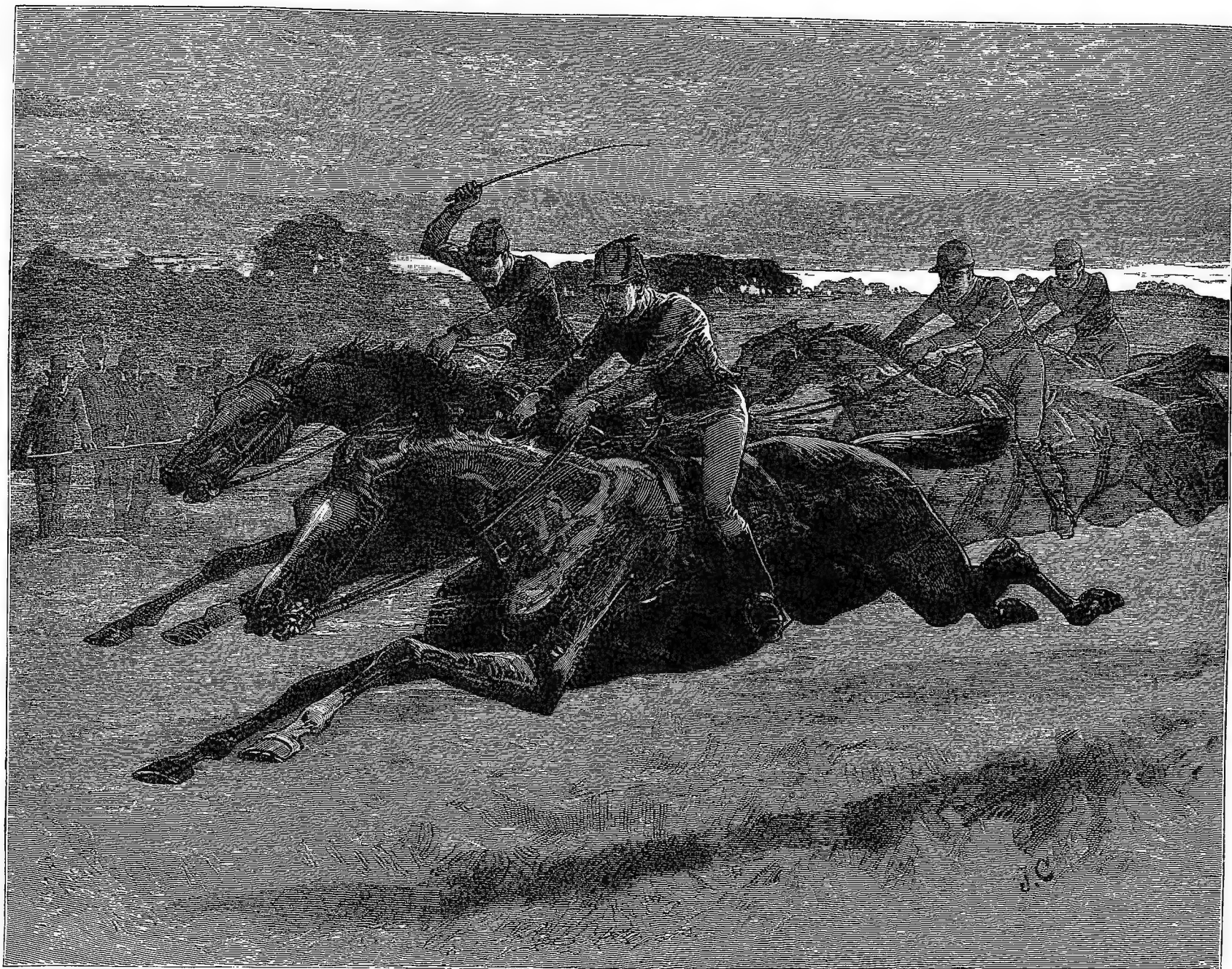
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The chains were up on Doncaster Town Moor, and although the sun had not yet topped the horizon, through the dull grey of the early morning a knot of half-a-dozen people might have been discerned grouped around the famous winning-post.

"You are sure you have made no mistake, Greyson?" said a tall, slight, saturnine man of forty or thereabouts.

"No, sir," replied the trainer. "I have measured them at home, I think, pretty correctly; and you will find it as I tell you, that though Caterham is the best of the pair, the other is about good enough to win this Leger with. But you will see for yourself in another minute. I can just catch the beat of their gallop; they must have reached the Red House by this."

The rapid thud of horses advancing at full speed was now distinctly audible; a few seconds more, and four horses flashed past the winning-post; the foremost with a three-quarters of a length lead.

"It's as I told you, sir," exclaimed Greyson, the trainer. "Caterham's won; but you can see he's not very much better than Phaeton. The old horse, too, is a good third; and that shows you that the form is pretty true."

"Oh, Lord! what a *coup*!" exclaimed a short, puffy little man, who was one of the spectators. "It ought to about make all our fortunes. To think of having the first favourite for the Leger, and a second string in the stable good enough to win with."

"It looks like good business, Sam, doesn't it? To bet against Caterham and trickle our money on to Phaeton is our game for the next forty-eight hours. The only thing is, old man, that all this wants doing with a good deal of care. Remember, Caterham must remain first favourite till the fall of the flag, and therefore our hostile demonstration must not be too pronounced; while as for Phaeton, although we must back him to win a big stake, I want there to be pretty liberal odds-against him till the very last."

"Beg pardon, sir," said the trainer; "but do you mean to give the Squire a hint of this? It's notorious, you know, that Mr. Rockingham has backed the favourite for a very large stake."

"Let my cousin look to himself," replied Cuthbert Elliston bitterly; "if he had stood to me last year I should have felt bound to give him a hint of the way things stand; as it is, let him take his chance with the public generally."

"Take the horses home, Tom, as quietly as you can," said the trainer, as the four competitors in the trial walked up to him. "It was about all out of Caterham, I suppose?"

"Yes, Mr. Greyson. I'd nothing much in hand; 'twas just about as much as I could do to get rid of Phaeton at the finish; and what is more, I fancy he stays just a bit the best of the two."

A very nice trio were the three men who, the trial over, walked back from the Town Moor to breakfast at the Salutation that Monday morning before the Leger. Cuthbert Elliston, the first cousin of Alister Rockingham, lord of Cranley Chase, was about as evil a specimen of a gentleman blackleg as it was possible to encounter. It was the old story; a man of moderate means had gambled fiercely and wildly, and the pigeon of early days was now transformed into the unmistakable rook. All feeling of honour was dead in the man's nature, and either in the tactics of the turf or the card-table there was very little that he would shrink from. He might hesitate about concealing the king up his sleeve at *heart*, but he would have had no scruples about pursuing that game with an antagonist half-bemused by wine. Similarly on the turf; as long as he escaped the jurisdiction of the Jockey Club he was utterly unprincipled in his proceedings. He and Mr. Sam Pearson, attorney-at-law, were the joint proprietors of a few horses, and trained at William Greyson's, a clever man in his profession, but with a somewhat shady reputation. As it so happened they were this year joint proprietors of a colt called Caterham, which, having won the Two Thousand and finished third for the Derby, was, owing to the going amiss of one of his Epsom conquerors and the non-entrance of the other in the Doncaster race, now first favourite for the Leger. And that the British public were likely to have an extremely bad race of it the trial we have seen, and the conversation we have overheard pretty clearly indicates.

Arrived at the Salutation, the three sat down to a regular Yorkshire breakfast, a thing which, an' you are a breakfast eater, is by no means to be despised, and over the broiled ham and game pie as delectable a robbery was planned as was ever concocted at Doncaster—which, by the way, is saying no little.

It is the day of the great race, and the crowd are pouring up the avenue that leads to the famous Moor, upon which for more than a century the Blue Ribbon of the North has been decided. The street preachers shriek forth their vehement denunciations side by side with

the three card-men hoarsely vociferating that you do not name the Queen of Clubs for "a croon." The quiet Yorkshire town is in that furious state of ferment that only occurs to it once a year, when train after train disgorges its hundreds all ravenous for food, drink, and a bet on the Leger. Caterham would win. How could there be any doubt of it? He had beaten everything that was going to oppose him, with the exception of some two or three dark colts, of which little was expected. If ever there was a race upon which it seemed really judicious to back the favourite this was it. And yet the pertinacity with which the ring fielded was wondrous strange.

"There's as much seven to four going as ever you please to write down," said a veteran sportsman. "I don't understand it, Rockingham. I can't help thinking there's a screw loose. The ring would hardly field like this unless they knew something. Going by public form, it ought to be two to one on Caterham. I can't, for the life of me, see what the bookmakers are going for! They are like sheep, we all know, and only let three or four of the magnates of the mystic circle make up their minds to bet heavily against a horse, and the smaller fry follow suit with wonderful rapidity. This outsider, Phaeton, who is in the same stable as the favourite, is nibbled at a good deal. I saw some cleverish men backing him last night, and again this morning. I tell you what it is, Rockingham, I shall just go and take the odds about him to save myself. Like you, I stand pretty heavily on the favourite, and don't fancy being spilt when they're winning with their second string!"

"Nonsense, Archcliffe; it's little likely that they have got anything better than the winner of the Guineas in their stable. No! if Bill Greyson takes the Leger it will be with Caterham. I am standing him a raker, and I mean standing him out."

A tall, good-looking man is Alister Rockingham. Although he is turned of fifty, and his hair is shot with silver, he is a handsome man still; but his face is haggard and careworn, and his lips twitch slightly as he thinks how heavy the stake is that Caterham carries for him. A more unblenching gambler than Alister Rockingham never cut card or rattled die, but he cannot help twinges of remorse at times when he remembers the broad, unencumbered acres that came to him at twenty-one, and reflects how woefully mortgaged his son will find them when he in his turn shall succeed. Ah! would he succeed? It was almost a question, and the next hour would materially assist in solving that riddle.

There was quite a little knot of spectators to see the favourite make his toilet for the great race. A right good-looking one,

apparently as fit as hands could make him. Few troubled themselves to look at his stable-companion, although Phaeton would not have been pronounced a bad-looking colt had Caterham been out of the way.

"I suppose the colt is all right, Greyson?" observed Cuthbert Elliston, meaningly.

"Quite so, sir," replied the trainer, "and Phaeton did such a good gallop yesterday morning that he is quite worth backing for a trifle on the off chance."

The roar of the blatant bookmakers waxes more and more furious as three o'clock approaches, and the starters for the Leger pace slowly in Indian file past the Grand Stand. A few minutes more, and turning round they come thundering back in their preliminary canter. Notling moves better than the favourite, and many an onlooker dashes back into the ring to make a modest investment on Caterham. At last the roar of the ring is hushed, and all heads are craned forward to gaze upon that gaudy little knot of silken jackets that are congregated at the foot of the slight incline that marks the commencement of the great Doncaster race. Two or three breaks-away, and then the fourteen runners for the St. Leger are despatched, and the dark blue jacket of Phaeton is almost immediately seen in the van.

"Making running for his stable companion!" exclaim the multitude.

"Strangling the lot," murmured Cuthbert Elliston to his partner Sam Pearson. "Old Greyson would never put the double upon us."

"No, it's right enough, you may depend upon it. If Phaeton don't win it it'll be because he's not quite good enough; but anyhow you may rest assured that whatever does win it won't be Caterham. I've seen to that myself."

All along the far side, down away past the Rifle Butts, the dark blue jacket leads the field a cracker. Still the backers of the favourite have no cause as yet to feel uncomfortable. He bears his straw banner bravely in front of the ruck, and now they come thundering round the Red House turn. The dark blue jacket holds a clear three lengths lead as they come into the straight, and suddenly arises that fatal shout which has made many a backer shiver ere now.

"The favourite's beat!—the favourite's out of it;" and through his glasses Alister Rockingham can see that the wearer of the straw-coloured jacket is already hard upon his horse in the endeavour to keep his place. They are racing in real earnest now, and a very few strides more sees Caterham completely done with. One, two, three horses emerge from the ruck, and one after the other strives to get up to the leader; but the blue jacket stalls off each successive challenge, and finally glides past the winning-post half-a-length to the good.

Phaeton has won the St. Leger, while the favourite was not even amongst the first four.

"By Jove! what a coup!" exclaimed Cuthbert Elliston, as he slapped his turf partner on the shoulder.

"Yes," replied Pearson, who was already running his eye rapidly over his betting-book; "but I'll tell you what: it's my impression, Elliston—it's my impression this will about finish your cousin. How deeply he's involved no one can know better than myself. I've had to manage the raising of the sinews of war, as you know, for some years now; but I fancy that I've never had a more troublesome job than I shall have to find the money for next Monday."

"Bah!" rejoined Ellison; "he has a couple of days yet to get home in."

"Get home!" returned the attorney with a sneer; "you and I know what that means. How often does any one get out of the scrape that way? while the ease with which one's liabilities are doubled is simply miraculous."

It was with a weary smile that Alister Rockingham dropped his race-glasses back into their case. He was a good loser, and might have sardonically exclaimed, "If I am not, I wonder who should be. I've been practising it steadily for the last thirty years, and if I stop now, it's simply because there's nothing left to lose." No one but himself knew how terribly hard hit he was by the race just won. Plenty of his friends knew that he had backed Caterham heavily; but even Sam Pearson, his solicitor, had no idea what a tremendous plunge he had made upon this race with a view to recovering his losses on a most disastrous season. Had he known the extent to which his client was involved, it is more than probable that, despite his partner, Pearson would have given the Squire of Cranley Chase a hint about Phaeton; but though the solicitor could take his own line very fairly, there was a savage concentration about Cuthbert Elliston that made men rather shy of quarrelling with him. He had taken causeless umbrage at Alister Rockingham's refusal to help him pecuniarily a twelvemonth ago; but, in good truth, Rockingham had no money to spare, and was almost as hard pressed as his cousin.

As Rockingham descended from the stand, a slight, handsome, dark-eyed youth dashed up to him, with a face brimming over with pleasure and excitement, and exclaimed:—

"What a ripping race it was, father, wasn't it? And only think, I have won twenty-eight sovereigns over it, and got it."

"Why, where did you get your inspiration, Gerald?"

"Well, mine came directly from old Joseph, our coachman; but who on earth put him up to the fact of Phaeton being a good thing, I really have no idea. I got twenty-eight pounds to two from one of these ready-money men, and he booked up like a gentleman as soon as the race was over."

I wonder if it is possible to imagine a grimmer contrast than this man who has just experienced Fortune's finishing blow affords to the bright-eyed Harrow boy who has just won his first stake over that most fascinating of all amusements, the backing of racehorses. Ruined Alister Rockingham was before Phaeton swept past the winning-post; but even he himself as yet hardly realises what a thorough crash it is that has befallen him. It is the very acme of Fate. Here is young Gerald, who has just left Harrow and is going up to Cambridge next month, exulting over the winning of twenty-eight sovereigns, with an inheritance of ten thousand a year departed from him on the same race.

CHAPTER II.

DOLLIE GREYSON

In Coney Street, York, dwelt a prosperous haberdasher of the name of Greyson. He was a man excessively popular, not only in York itself, but with all the country families round about the city. Gloves, shirts, neckties, all the gentlemen of the district vowed could be obtained at no other place than Greyson's. Thomas Greyson did a roaring trade, and was a warm man in his vocation. He was brother to that William Greyson the trainer, who had prepared Caterham and Phaeton for the Leger. Though excellent friends the brothers met but seldom,—their paths in life diverged widely; but constantly through the shop in Coney Street flitted a fair-haired little maiden, who answered to the name of Dollie, and who was the daughter of William Greyson. It was not in the least that she was an apprentice in her uncle's shop; what service she chose to give there she did. When time ran heavy, and she got a little tired of her own society, then Dollie would flit into the shop, and take her turn in selling gloves over the counter; and it was notable that when Miss Greyson did take this business in hand the young bloods of York were apt to be rather lavish in their orders with regard to gloves and neckties. Dollie Greyson was staying with her

uncle mainly for this reason. Masters were attainable in York which, of course, was not the case on Riddleton Moor, and, in spite of a somewhat questionable turf career, Bill Greyson loved his daughter very, very dearly, and was anxious, to use his own expression, that she should have the advantage of "the very best training" money could give her.

A slight, auburn-haired girl, just turned seventeen, Dollie Greyson was no more ignorant of her own attractions than her sisterhood generally. She knew that she was pretty, and she knew that she was nice, and that gentlemen rather appreciated having their gloves fitted by her; but of all her admirers there was, perhaps, none Dollie liked so well as young Gerald Rockingham, the heir of Cranley Chase. A perfectly boy and girl love if you like, but schoolboys and schoolgirls, too, for the matter of that, catch the complaint, though not quite so sharply as their elders. From her antecedents it may easily be believed that Miss Greyson could ride, as they say, "above a bit." She had, in fact, lived in the saddle almost from childhood, and had been accustomed at home to ride all sorts of awkward animals. If there was one thing old Bill Greyson was proud of it was his daughter's witching horsemanship. He never seemed to recognise any danger to her on whatever he might put her, and was wont to say when one of his charges turned awkward with the boys, "We'll just hand him over to Dollie for a month. He'll be quiet enough by that time, I'll warrant." We all know what the delicate hand of an accomplished horsewoman can make of a horse, and it really was marvellous how many of these unruly youngsters Dollie Greyson had succeeded in teaching manners to. Now if there was one thing Miss Greyson missed in York it was her accustomed horse-exercise. Her uncle kept no horseflesh of any description, and the few opportunities she had had of indulging her taste in that line had been through Gerald Rockingham. Gerald had more than once either hired or borrowed a horse, and taken the girl out for a day with the York and Ainstey, and the wild excitement of those gallops made Dollie's pulses tingle even now. Gerald in those cases acted as escort and pilot, and all the hunting men had a kindly word for the heir of Cranley Chase and Dollie Greyson, the trainer's daughter, who both rode so straight and went so well. They were mere boy and girl at present, and it never occurred to Alister Rockingham, any more than it did to any other of the veterans of the hunt, that there might be a love romance springing up under their noses. Gerald at present ordered his fair companion about in that peculiarly off-hand fashion that young gentlemen of his age are wont to employ to girls of their own standing. He made no bones about calling her stupid, and was more apt to call her a little "duffer" than to sympathise with her when she got into trouble, though it must be at the same time added that he always stood loyally to Dollie in her misfortunes. Though he might permit himself to use the epithet of "duffer" when Miss Greyson met with mishap, yet to any one else Gerald would have given the flattest contradiction, and vowed there was never a girl in Yorkshire to compare with her.

It is high change at the shop in Coney Street, and Thomas Greyson, himself busy at the counting-desk, is doing a thriving trade the week after the big Doncaster race.

"Fifteen-and-six, Mr. Greyson, fifteen-and-six, that's what it comes to. Just give me four-and-six out of the pound, and quits we are," said a rubicund burly Yorkshireman. "I suppose the old shop is joost running with champagne, and when you go to rest you simply wallow in sovereigns. Your brother ain't served us up such a starter on the Toon Moor for many a long year. I got the hint at the last moment myself, and a hoondred to seven once was good enough for this child. I'd a good race of it, and what with drinking old Bill's health and Phaeton's, I'm a little foggy yet as to where we've got in the week."

"Mighty glad to hear it, Mr. Crofton. My brother, like yourself, had, I fancy, a pretty good race of it. At all events, he's given the girl there a pretty smart dress. Look at the little peacock fluttering her plumes around, and prinking herself out for the benefit of that young Rockingham. They do say," continued Mr. Greyson, in a low whisper, "that the Squire's dropped a power of brass over the race. In fact, they say there's no such heavy loser at Doncaster this year as him."

"Aye, I've heard as mooch, and sorry I was to hear it, too. He's one of the real sort is the Squire. A real good and straight sportsman, but he's always been a terrible bould better. It won't be the first time he's burnt his fingers by many, I reckon."

Thomas Greyson shook his head in mute reply as he turned away to attend to another customer's account.

It must not be supposed from her uncle's remark that Dollie Greyson was a smartly-dressed coquettish shop girl. Trim and prettily attired she always was, and quiet and modest in her manner as if born a lady; very self-possessed; and if the girl smiled at the gallant speeches occasionally made her, no one of Tom Greyson's customers would ever have thought of overstepping the Rubicon with his niece. She was, men felt intuitively, not a young woman to talk slang to. Although only a trainer's daughter, well as she rode, and brought up much as she had been amongst horses, yet no one ever heard Dollie talk "horse," and in that one particular alone she was immensely in advance of maidens of far higher station than herself. If some of these damsels only knew the rubbish they do talk on that subject, and how they bore us, surely they would be more merciful.

A pretty golden-haired little girl, with the neatest of figures, tiniest of hands and feet, and longest of eyelashes, Dollie Greyson, as she stands at the counter, nominally turning over gloves for his inspection, but in reality chattering with Gerald Rockingham, by no means warrants the epithet of "little peacock" which her uncle has applied to her. She is attired in a soft grey serge, trimmed with braid to match, with snowy collar and cuffs. William Greyson, who loved his daughter better than anything in this world, had sent her, not a dress, but a very pretty cheque, "to buy fal-lals for herself," as he expressed it, wisely concluding that a girl's millinery was a little beyond his comprehension; though the old trainer was wont to asseverate, "I don't know how it's done; but, blame me, I do know whether they're turned out all right when I see 'em, and mean my girl to look as fit as any of 'em, I tell you."

Gerald is telling Miss Greyson all about the race, and relating with all a schoolboy's glee how he won twenty-eight pounds over Phaeton, and finally he produces from his pocket a little morocco case, and handing it across the counter, says in a low voice:—

"You must wear that, Dollie, just to remind you of me and the cheery gallops we have had together."

"Oh, how lovely!" exclaimed the girl as she opened the case, drew from it a pretty diamond and emerald half-hoop ring, and slipped it on her finger. "How good of you, Gerald; but what nonsense to think I should want anything to remind me of you. Is it likely?"

"I hope not. Say it's to remind you of Phaeton's Leger. Say it's an 'engaged' ring, if you like."

"If you talk like that, Gerald, I won't keep it," returned Dollie, her face flushing slightly and speaking seriously. "I like you very much, am very fond of you; but don't think I forget that you are a Rockingham, of Cranley Chase, while I am," and here she gave a significant little shrug of her shoulders, "the daughter of William Greyson, the trainer. Don't speak, Gerald, for a moment," she continued. "I'm just as fond and proud of my father as you can be of yours; but anything of that sort between us would be ridiculous. Good comrades ever, firm friends, if you will, dear Gerald; but not that last. Say it is so, or take back your ring."

"You're making too much fuss about it, Dollie," he replied;

"it will be so some of these days all the same. You are as much a lady as any of the girls I meet in society, and much jollier. Never mind now, call the ring a remembrance of Phaeton; but think a little of me when you look at it."

"I shall do that, Gerald, without looking at it. When do you go to Cambridge?"

"In about three weeks. It's a short term, thank goodness! for I fancy University life is pretty dull at starting. You don't know many fellows, and one don't know the ropes; however, I believe it's all jolly good fun after a bit."

"But, Gerald, surely your people expect you to work a bit to try to take a degree, or something of that kind; though I don't quite understand what that means—"

"Nonsense, Dollie; fellows like me are not expected to go in for that sort of thing. We go up for a couple of years, just to make acquaintances and to be able to say we've been there. The dear old governor would be knocked into heaps at my taking a degree. He wouldn't mind it, you know; but he'd be awfully astonished. Phaeton's winning last Wednesday would be nothing to such a surprise as that."

"I thought it was what you were sent there to do," replied Dollie, simply. "I fancied you went to Cambridge to learn just as I came to York, only I fancied they tested you to see if you knew things which they mercifully don't inflict on me. I do my best, but should have grievous fears of failure if tried."

"No, book-learning was never the forte of our family. We only pride ourselves upon some very minor virtues. We are brought up to shoot straight, ride straight, and run straight. You know what I mean by the latter, Dollie. We stick to our friends and our word."

Miss Greyson was too country-bred a girl not to hold the first two of these virtues in considerable esteem, and she had seen with her own eyes that Gerald spoke truth about the riding, while as for "the running straight," I think the most shifty, scheming, and mendacious of our fellows have a certain admiration for a man who does that.

"Yes, Gerald," she said, softly; "nobody in these parts ever doubts a Rockingham, but for all that I think you ought to work at Cambridge."

"You'd make a charming tutor, Dollie," he replied, laughing, "and perhaps under your auspices I might. Byron, I remember, somewhere advocates female teachers. Shall I find you here when I come back in December?"

"No; they'll want me home for Christmas. Father would be very much put out if I wasn't there at that time."

"And your mother, too, I suppose?"

"Well," replied the girl, laughing, "she'll be glad to have me back, no doubt, but she don't think half as much of me as father. He never says a cross word to me, but mother can give me a bit of her mind when I don't please her. In short," continued Dollie, merrily, "father pets and spoils me, and mother does her best to counteract it."

"Then I shan't see you for ever so long?" said Gerald, somewhat moodily.

"Oh yes you will. I shall be back again in January. You will have plenty of opportunities to take me for a gallop or two with the hounds, if your highness will condescend to be kind as of yore. And now, Gerald, you really must run away. If every young man was as long buying his gloves as you have been the business of this establishment would never be carried on. Good bye," she concluded, extending a tiny hand, "and thank you so much for the ring."

Gerald shook hands, and then walked moodily off to the Black Swan in search of his hack. He was getting very much in love with Dollie Greyson, which was more than that young lady at present was with him. She liked him very much, was fond of him in a sort of half-sisterly fashion; but a girl of seventeen is years older in reality than a youth a few months older than herself; and this was just Dollie's case. She was not a bit in love with Gerald, and saw quite clearly it would be ridiculous on her part ever to be so. She recognised distinctly the great difference of their stations in life, and knew that she could never be his wife. A bright, quick-witted, warm-hearted, impetuous little lady, but with plenty of sound, practical common-sense. She may display plenty of romance and imagination later on should her affections be touched, but at present, despite her impetuosity, Dollie is a clear-sighted girl.

(To be continued)



HAPPILY before reading John G. Whittier's verdict, "This book is a godsend," we had formed of Mrs. C. C. Leighton's "Life at Puget Sound" (Boston: Lee and Shepard; London: Triibner) an independent judgment almost as favourable as any of those quoted on the fly-leaf. The book has really "a winning charm." It is delightful to be in the hands of a writer with a keen eye for natural beauty, and yet without a trace of "gush;" with a child's faith in the noble savage, and yet with such honest common sense that she does not blink the fact of his now and then burying his grandmother alive when she is growing too much of a burden on the family. No doubt Mrs. Leighton found the Indians in many things a delightful contrast to some of the white pioneers of progress; and the way in which the campaigns against them are carried on—by destroying "caches" of berries, stores of grain and of root-cake, &c., is a satire on humanity. The official report of one of these raids is a model of cynicism: "Seldom has an expedition been undertaken the recollection of which is invested with so much that is agreeable as that against the Northern Indians." The Indian, we fear, is past helping. "Civilisation" will soon rob him even of his power of wood-carving and dressing skins and making feather cloaks. To judge from Christine McDonald, there is some hope for the half-castes, whose need of a wild "out" now and then is not unfelt by ladies and gentlemen in long-settled lands. The Chinaman, if he is in the lump a quarter as good as Mrs. Leighton's samples, certainly deserves the help which, in one of the last letters he ever wrote, Wendell Phillips thought this book would bring both to him and to the red man. What with poll tax, pure air ordinance, cue cutting regulations, anti-gambling edicts, edicts against carrying pails slung on a pole over the shoulder, and a whole law book of paltry worries (not to speak of occasional riots and wreckings), the Chinese have been shamefully treated in California; though even their bitterest persecutors, the Irish, have not yet proposed to deprive them of opium, as the New South Wales Legislature intends doing. The Chinaman is often charged with being a thorough Sadducee; but Mrs. Leighton found an intense belief in the after-world to be the most noticeable fact about him. Of Quong, her "boy," who to his other duties added that of nurse to "Margie and the baby," she draws such a delightful picture as to make us wish that a large importation of Quongs would put an end to the race of "Buttons." Her picture of the gentle Swiss Jesuit priest, Father Joseph, makes one almost long to turn Jesuit priest and go off to teach the Indians round Fort Colville.

The Chinaman at home as seen by "Russian Travellers in Mongolia and China" (Chapman and Hall) has many good points. At any rate he is not so bad as the Mongolians, of whom Mr. Piassetsky's testimony is "the men wash seldom, the women never." But our Russian is struck, like every one else, with the strange mixture

in the Chinese temperament. While wholly indifferent to maimed beggars of the most shocking description, and while elaborating proverbially cruel punishments, they are careful to let go instead of crushing a cricket that has been hopelessly beaten in one of those fights of which they are as fond as our grandfathers were of cock-fighting. Throughout these two volumes are full of information, throwing more light on China as it is than anything that has been written since Huc's days. The decay of walls and pavements; the smells in the streets (intensified by the watering with foul pond water); the language (of which the children take eight years to learn a thousand words); the different trades; the merchants' clubs; the Governor who kept *Lin-wu* (Rhine wine), and apologised for having no champagne; the soldiers whom Mr. Piassetsky calls "martial marionettes," and who, he says, were armed with "gun-barrels stripped of the wood; and sold to them in merciless derision by the English;" the prisons, in one of which was "a Governor who had been guilty of mistakes during the war"—that is a sample of what our Russian tells us about. Some of his news is startling, as when he calls a colossal Buddha "the God Da-Fo-Ye." To some extent (though the narrative leaves it doubtful to what extent) the party was official, and therefore saw much more than ordinary travellers could have seen; indeed the Imperial Palace was almost the only place which closed its doors against them. In return for all this courtesy the travellers used to do gratuitously unkind things, such as giving notice of a round of visits, never getting through more than four, and provokingly keeping the rest of the mandarins in all the afternoon. Once they came so late to a review that the commandant had gone, after ordering his officers to take off their uniforms. Still, though visibly annoyed (the Chinese are the most punctual people in the world) the officers soon forgot the slight, and invited the party to a grand dinner the same night. We are not prepossessed with Mr. Sosnowsky, the head of the expedition. His manner reminds us of that offensive Russian lieutenant in "Eöthen." He delighted in humbugging his questioners, telling them there were cannibals in Russia, and angels flying about, &c. He must have been a nuisance to his party; and at starting his obstinacy caused the whole of their silver to be split in the road. One man, a French priest, had the courage to give him and his colleagues a good snubbing, and now and then they got a few stones and a little sand. But generally they were not "foreign devils," but "gentlemen from over sea." Their ostensible objects were geography and commerce; we wonder whether that Mongol is still pleased with the clasp-knife which, he told Mr. Piassetsky, he should use to shave his head.

The instructions sent round by Dr. Jamieson, of Shanghai, to the Medical Officers of the Chinese Imperial Maritime Customs Service resulted in a number of Reports which Surgeon-General Gordon has epitomised, prefacing them with chapters on the history of medicine in China, &c. China has all varieties of climate. Chefoo, for instance, is described as "nearly perfect, the severe cold not injuring even delicate people." Shanghai, on the other hand, is proverbially treacherous; in summer the temperature changes as suddenly as in England. On the whole, however, the European communities seem fairly healthy; and the insurance rate is described as preposterously high. At Foochow, where manure pits and "all the recognised factors of zymotic disease" abound, no epidemic has affected foreigners for at least eleven years. There must, however, be something peculiar in some Chinese climates, for an Egyptian mummy hand which had stood ten months' rain in Scotland decomposed during the first rainy season it was at Foochow. This "Epitome of Reports of Medical Officers, &c." (Baillière), not only records the state of health of the different Treaty Ports (there are nineteen), but is as full as Mr. Piassetsky's book of minute facts about Chinese life. It is very valuable to those who intend going to China, and it also contrives much to interest the general reader. The old conclusion that "disagreeable and offensive odours are necessarily deleterious to health" is wholly upset by the statistics of disease in Peking and elsewhere.

We should be sorry to believe with Mr. G. Macgregor that "few criminal events have excited so deep, widespread, and lasting an interest as the murders perpetrated by the resurrectionists." We rather hope that even in Scotland there is little appetite for such horrors, and that this elaborate volume will not lift "The History of Burke and Hare" (Glasgow: Morison; London: Hamilton, Adams) out of the oblivion into which it was falling. What good could be answered by cataloguing and describing the victims, by giving portraits of Helen McDougal and the rest of the gang, and plans of Burke's house, we cannot imagine. Whatever interest attaches to this loathsome business, and to the shameful tales about Liston and other students who devoted themselves to the "resurrection" work, is afforded by the slightly similar case of vivisection. Anatomy made its way in the teeth of law, and at a considerable sacrifice of human life; but then many of us deny that the vivisectionists have at all as good a case as the anatomists. The best story in the book is how a cargo of bodies from Irish churchyards, being refused by the Glasgow huckster, to whom it was consigned as "rags" was impounded at the Broomielaw. The freight was nearly 60%, and the advice note not having been received, the consignee could not imagine how a ship load of rags could be so valuable.

London is not quite such a desert on Sundays as the intelligent foreigner imagines. Yet, though the Saturday papers tell us where the great celebrities are to preach, a good many who don't care for celebrities are often puzzled where to go for a good quiet service. They are equidistant, say, from six churches; which shall they choose? Mr. Boys's "Church Music in the Metropolis" (Reeves) will guide their choice. It will do much more; for it sketches the past and present condition of our psalmody, going back beyond the days of Will Tansur of Barnes, who set Solomon's Proverbs to music, and coming down to Dr. Elvey, who thought the only way of setting the Psalms satisfactorily is to "alter the translation with a special view to this object." Mr. Boys prefers "The Cathedral Psalter" to "The Church Psalter" of Goss and Mercer published twenty years ago. Like Dr. Crotch, he dislikes church music that reminds him of parade, concert-room, or theatre; and he has a commendable regard for "good old tunes" like the Old Hundredth and Hundred and Fourth. His chapter on Psalmody gives some shrewd hints as to the origin of several of our tunes; indeed the little book is in every way a pleasant and useful companion. We join in Mr. Boys's regret that in a big church like St. Pancras the service should be "simple to simplicity."

The French lady who calls herself "Camille Selden" was during "The Last Days of Heinrich Heine" (Remington) the Jewish poet's amanuensis whenever he was not too much racked with pain to dictate a letter. She also revised the French translation of part of his poems. The few facts which her conversations enabled her to gather about his early life are far less valuable than the letters to his *chère mouche*, now telling her there will be "no school" for the next three days, owing to a headache or other ailment; now wishing her a Happy New Year in that style of loving banter which was his forte. He is always the same ironical-sentimental, sensual-delicate Parisian-German; his life and work always in extremes; his very nightmares growing into poems. In all "final memorials" of this strange being, whose existence was a mixture of rapture and torture, this little book must find a place. The authoress amusingly hints her astonishment that, with his horror of ugliness and vulgarity, the poet could have mated with the singularly unsympathising Mrs. Heine.

The ninth part of Stormonth's "Dictionary of the English Language, Pronouncing, Etymological, and Explanatory" (Blackwood),

brings us to the word "shepherd." We can only repeat our regret that a work, otherwise so complete, should give no quotations. If Dr. Stormonth is right, "ribbon" (Welsh *rhio*, Gael *rhieban*) is another of those words which help the anti-Freemasons to prove our British origin. We are doubtful about "roche-alum;" the alternative form "roach" seems like a corruption of "roast;" and we cannot think "roche-moutonnée" needed in a list of English words.

Those who know "The Amateur Poacher" will be glad that Mr. R. Jefferies has collected in "The Life of the Fields" (Chatto and Windus) his recent contributions to some dozen newspapers and magazines. His style is too heartily appreciated to need a word of praise from us. To read his account of what many of us have seen scores of times, or even lived amongst all our lives, reminds one of the old "Eyes and No Eyes." But not all these papers treat of the country. "Sunlight in a London Square" and "Venice in the East End" are as suggestive to Londoners as some of Turner's glorified London fogs. Whether many will agree that Paris has by much Haussmannising been made "the plainest city in Europe" is doubtful. It has certainly come to be one of the least picturesque.

We hope we have not yet done with the Fisheries' Exhibition. It was meant to permanently improve our fish supply. Whether it will succeed in doing this or not, its literary activity is still unexhausted. Of its "Prize Essays" Mr. C. E. Fryer's "Relations of the State with Fishermen and Fisheries" (Clowes) is just published; and, besides tracing fishery legislation in the past under the three heads protective, promotive, and regulative, and pointing out the necessary distinction in this respect between sea and freshwater fisheries and the need for further scientific inquiry to establish the value of protection or the reverse, this very readable little book gives an excellent summary of the present position of fisheries and the object of future legislation. To settle the trawl question, the grievances of crab and lobster catchers, &c., we must be able to compare the present yield with that of former years. But "in this respect we are behind almost every other nation," though the capital invested in our fisheries may be computed in millions. Mr. Fryer does not wish for Protection (he could not claim Professor Huxley as a helper if he did) or "Encouragement," but he wishes the State to "master, through the agency of a well-qualified Department, every detail, natural as well as artificial, of this industry." He has his wish in the "Royal Fisheries' Society," founded in consequence of the paper on that subject which he read at one of the Exhibition Conferences. The essay before us is not only suggestive but full of interesting matter.



MESSRS. NOVELLO, EWER, AND CO.—To singers of cultivated taste "Four Trios for Female Voices," with accompaniments of two horns and a harp, by J. Brahms, will prove very attractive; they are collected in a neat little volume. No. 1 is "Where'er the Sounding Harp is Heard," translated from the German of Rupert by the Rev. Dr. Troutbeck: it may be accompanied by the harp or the pianoforte. No. 2 is a light and lively setting of "Come Away, Death" (the Clown's song in *Twelfth Night*). No. 3 is a good translation from the German of Eichendorff's dainty poem, "Wohin Ich Geh' und Schone," well-known as "The Greeting," one of Mendelssohn's most charming duets; its present translator, Dr. Troutbeck, calls it "The Gardener." No. 4 is "The Death of Trenar" (from Ossian's poem, "Fingal"), the English words adapted by Dr. Troutbeck.—Of an equally refined and classical school are "Four Sacred Duets," composed by W. Sterndale Bennett, the words from Holy Writ; No. 1, "Remember Now Thy Creator;" 2, "Do No Evil;" 3, "And Who Is He that Will Harm You?" 4, "Cast Thy Bread Upon the Waters." This admirable collection is contained in a small volume, and will prove very useful for two soprano voices on a Sunday at home.—Again comes one of those cantatas so dear to schools for breaking-up parties for which Messrs. E. Oxenford and Franz Abt supply the merry libretto and sparkling music. "The Fay's Frolic" treats of the annual meeting of the fairy queen and her subjects, when her jesty grants whatever reasonable requests they may make for the coming year. We commend this to the attention of the heads of ladies' colleges.—The same advice applies to a couple of pianoforte duets, admirably arranged by E. Silas, the one "Ballet Music and Rustic March," from A. C. Mackenzie's opera, *Colomba*, the other "La Belle Dame Sans Merci," a ballad for orchestra, by the same composer.

MESSRS. STANLEY LUCAS, WEBER, AND CO.—Half-a-dozen pleasing songs and ballads come from this firm. "Spring Showers," words by Robert Buchanan, music by Emily J. Troup, is a pretty rustic love ditty for a mezzo-soprano.—Of a more ambitious character is "Portuguese Love Song," music by the above composer, words translated from the Portuguese of José de Vasconcellos, into very creditable English by J. T. Whitehead.—"Castles in Spain" is a charming poem by E. A. Allen, cleverly set to music by Lady Benedict; it is of medium compass.—"Bygone Days" is one of Robert Burns's pathetic little homelike poems, which Halfdan Kjerulf has wedded to appropriate music.—"When All Around is Still," written and composed by J. K. Hervey and William Harold, and "Fettered, Yet Free," words by H. L. D'Arcy Jaxone, music by Antonio L. Mora, are of a somewhat ordinary type, but will take a fair place in a programme, and will not lack admirers.

RECENT POETRY AND VERSE

THE interest is, of course, purely local in such a work as "Under Two Queens: Lyrics Written for the Tercentenary Festival of the Founding of Uppingham School," by John Huntley Skrine (Macmillan). The two Sovereigns in question are, as will easily be guessed, Elizabeth and Her present Most Gracious Majesty, during whose reign the school was reconstructed. The piece, as a species of lyrical cantata, is sufficiently musical, and will, no doubt, appeal favourably to its eclectic audience.

A singularly unequal work is "Lays and Lyrics of the Ohio Valley," by John James Platt (Kegan Paul). Some of the lyrics are extremely good, for instance, that pathetic one, "The Old Man and the Spring Leaves," or "The Mower in Ohio," although the latter ends in a rather tantalising fashion; but the blank verse is, as a rule, commonplace, and there is at least one passage in "Two Harvests," at page 96, which approaches perilously near to nonsense. On the whole, we must confess to feeling disappointed with the book.

Some cleverness and decided imitative talent distinguish "A Minor Poet, and Other Verse," by Amy Levy (T. Fisher Unwin); the influence both of Mr. Browning and the Poet Laureate are plainly discernible, though there is nothing approaching to plagiarism, and the little volume contains much that may be read with pleasure. The principal piece was obviously suggested by the story of Chatterton's death, and has some good lines, whilst dramatic instinct is shown in "Medea;" but by far the best thing is Xantippe's dying speech. The author appears as advocate for the wife of Socrates, and we have, ourselves, often thought that the poor woman must have had a great deal to put up with! The

name is probably a *nom de plume*,—we should take the poems to be the work of some clever undergraduate, but in these days of Girtton, &c., there is no speaking with certainty.

It may be stupidity on our part, but we really cannot understand much of "Henry, and Other Tales," by Francis William Adams (Elliot Stock), and the more intelligible portions are hardly worth the trouble of studying. *Après* of the general contents, which remind us of nothing so much as Walt Whitman-and-water, we may remark that unrhymical verses are not to be conjured into poetry by the artifice of beginning most of the lines with a small letter, and as regards "Ewald" we can only wish that poor Calverley had been alive to read it. We had expected no more from the inflated bombast of the preface, but we will give a sample of Mr. Adams's wares—a typical one:

O I am lonely! yet this offal wing
and reeking whisper of sweet love is nigh,
flaps ever as a blood-pulse 'gainst my sight
till staring blindness, that would stab the night,
stabs self with horror.

Mr. Osbaldiston's comment on his son's verses might apply fittingly to this passage.

"Echoes of Life," by Mrs. Frank Snoad (Chapman and Hall, Limited), contains some unusually good verse. The second portion of the volume will be pleasantly familiar to many, being a revised edition of "Clare Peyce's Diary," and other poems, which have already attracted favourable notice, but there is also much to admire amongst the newer pieces. We would draw special attention to the powerful and terrible "Heard at Midnight," but, for the most part, Mrs. Snoad is at her best in her more tender and idyllic moods, as in "A Story of Long Ago," "Wrotham Hill," and, best of all, "A Reverie." The verse is most musical, and throughout there runs a strain of pathos which must touch every feeling reader.

"Chaucer's Beads" is the somewhat fanciful title of a handsome birthday book compiled from the works of the father of English poetry by Mrs. Haweis (W. H. Allen). We do not agree with all the author's comments, but on the whole the work is well and carefully done.

"Earth's Voices: Transcripts from Nature, Sospitra, and Other Poems," by William Sharp (Elliot Stock), is good of its kind, though its aims are not very lofty. "Sospitra" must be called the chief piece, and has considerable rhetorical merit—the drawback is that one hardly sees whether it tends; the story, for which Mr. Sharp acknowledges his indebtedness to "Ouida," seems intended to set forth the all-conquering might of Love and Death. The "Transcripts" are picturesque and fanciful, and so are the "Australian Sketches," and a rather striking poem is "A Record," which must be taken as a dream of transmigration; "memorious gleam" is not a phrase which recommends itself to us.



"OUIDA's" "Princess Napraxine," the leading lady of the novel so entitled (3 vols.: Chatto and Windus), is a sort of human iceberg, whose course is marked by corpses and wrecked lives. This is no metaphor, so far as the corpses are concerned. To love her is much the same as to be doomed to suicide or murder, while the Princess is at any rate not too cold-blooded to enjoy the spectacle. Incapable of love, and, indeed, a dragon of virtue, her one aim is to avoid *ennui*, in which, by the peculiar method already mentioned, she very fairly succeeds. A monster of this sort is well adapted as a peg for that vulgar prodigality of tinsel with which the name of "Ouida" is so closely identified. Ivory bedsteads with satin furniture, out-of-door flower-pots of priceless *reposés* work, trifling presents that cost what most rich men would regard as a considerable fortune, cables of pearls, and millions chucked about as if they were farthings, recall memories of "Chandos" and of "Under Two Flags"—certainly of nothing more nearly resembling things as they are. The general tone of the novel is in complete accord with this sort of colouring. The novel-reading world has lately had some reason to suspect "Ouida" of having sown the wildest portion of her literary wild oats, and of wishing to settle down steadily. "Princess Napraxine" is plainly a protest against this injurious suspicion. She has vindicated herself—nay, has even over-done her vindication. For never, even at her best or worst of times, has she ever attempted to be more unwholesome, or succeeded in being more glitteringly dull. Her unquestionable popularity proves that there must be an immense number of good people, wholly devoid of any sense of humour, who really believe in her pictures as representing some sort of real life somewhere. Very good and very innocent people they must needs be; for otherwise they would at any rate know the world well enough to recognise her pictures of it as sheer nonsense. And very devoid of humour they must also be, or such books as this would have been laughed away long ago.

The ground-idea, as a German critic might put it, of "The Giant's Robe," by F. Anstey (1 vol.: Smith, Elder, and Co.), is far more fitted for a short magazine story than for development into a full-blown novel. It amounts to little more than an anecdote, out of which all the good can be pressed in a few chapters, so that, in its present form, it had inevitably to be beaten out rather thin. One cannot help growing rather weary of the growth of complication after complication, while feeling all the while that the author might at any moment bring his foot down—and at any one moment as well as at another. Of course poetical justice, in its full and complete form, is no longer expected; and rightly so, considering what a mere conventionality it has become. Nevertheless, Mr. Anstey might have made his distinctions between right and wrong, and their resulting consequences, a little more clear. Certainly he might have made the confusion between the true man and the impostor result in sharper and more dramatic situations. To readers of "Vice Versa" the novel certainly does not appeal in any way. Probably Mr. Anstey has done well not to attempt a repetition of a unique success; and yet whether he is qualified for making one in other directions time has still to show. "The Giant's Robe" cannot be called a work of more than respectable merit, and is therefore disappointing, remembering what anticipations its predecessor had raised. Readers therefore must put their recollections of "Vice Versa" entirely aside. If they can do this, they will find in "The Giant's Robe" a fair share of interest, though the interest would have been at least doubled if the length of the story had been halved.

Mr. James Grant's "The Master of Aberfeldie" (3 vols.: Hurst and Blackett) is written to the honour and glory of the famous "Black Watch," and includes a not very effective description of the battle of Tel-el-Kebir. The author writes as an enthusiast, as he ought, considering the history of the famous regiment of which he makes himself to some extent the chronicler. Nevertheless, we do not care much for those officers whom he has inserted in the Army List of fiction. They certainly do no discredit to their corps; but they are altogether too much like well brought-up young ladies, gifted with exceptional strength of arm. In short, there is too much sentiment and too little life in them. Of course they go through many strange adventures. That an officer of the 42nd, the eldest son of a peer, should have been buried alive by a rival in the *oubliette*



"THE YOUNG FOSTER-MOTHER"



THE PUBLIC GARDEN OF THE BREWERS' COMPANY AT STEPNEY

C. J. STANILAND.

of a Scotch castle, in the year 1883, and without any stir being made, certainly savours of anachronism; that a man should be buried for dead three feet under the sands of an Egyptian desert, after being desperately wounded, and then turn up as alive and well as if nothing had happened, no less suggests the improbable. As one of the characters incidentally observes, the "Black Watch" seem hard to kill. However, incidents of this sort are at any rate lively, and therefore preferable to the lovers' quarrels and misunderstandings which irritate the reader through the greater part of the volume. Still more irritating is Mr. Grant's fancy for quoting, with or without provocation, all sorts of passages, mostly platitudes, from all sorts of novels, mostly obscure. Inaccuracies also are frequent, as when some of the best-known verses of Longfellow are twice ascribed to Tennyson. However, so fine a tone of heroic romance, and of sympathy with past and present chivalry, runs through the work as to redeem more serious shortcomings than any that can possibly fall from the pen of the veteran author of "The Romance of War."

INDIAN TOBACCO

THERE is no country in the world that has cheaper tobacco than India. The climate and soil are specially adapted to the cultivation of the weed, and a patch of green tobacco crop is one of the most familiar features of the landscape in many parts of Hindostan. But, though tobacco is easily grown, and every one smokes, big and little, the quality of Indian tobacco is by no means commensurate with the quantity; though Anglo-Indians, long habituated to its use, often prefer it to any other. There is, of course, a great variety of tobacco in an Empire extending over so many degrees of latitude, and embracing temperatures ranging from the torrid heat of the plains to the frosty cold of the mountains; but for the sake of illustration it may be broadly stated that there are three distinct growths of tobacco on the Peninsula of India—acclimatised tobacco, grown from Havannah, American, or Manilla seed; Trichinopoly tobacco, which is the tobacco chiefly grown in the South of India; and Lunkah, or Cocanada tobacco, which is principally grown in the Godaveri district, and on the islands of the great River Godaveri. These are the three tobaccos which Europeans in India mostly smoke, and they are, of course, the best and the dearest the country produces; but the lower class of native cares very little what he smokes, and twists a green cigar or cigarette, as he wants it, out of some half-dried leaves he carries in his waistcloth, or perhaps out of the first field he passes in which the weed is growing. Now, with respect to the first, the acclimatised seed, this is quite a recent introduction to India. Thirty years ago it was unknown.

In those days, indeed, very little of the indigenous tobacco was smoked by Europeans, except by the Madrasses in the South, who seem to have always stood stoutly by their Trichinopoly tobacco. In Bengal, when hookahs went out, Manillas came in, and for a long time nothing was smoked in Calcutta and Bombay but Manilla cheroots. And they were certainly very fine—perhaps the very finest tobacco that the world produces. But owing to a variety of causes, of which the neglect of the Government of Manilla was perhaps the chief one, the Manilla cheroots fell into disrepute. The tobacco in them was no longer what it was, and a story that it was adulterated with hemp and opium ran like wildfire throughout India, and is believed even to this day, though totally untrue. The fact was, that the Spanish Government of Manilla, having the monopoly of the tobacco trade and manufacture in its own hands, grew indifferent to the care and culture necessary to keep the finest tobacco in the world up to the mark, and so the Manilla tobacco fell off and off until at length it could make no head whatever against its better cultivated rival in another Spanish island, Cuba. The Manilla Government, wise at last, have now given up the monopoly, and no doubt the Manilla tobacco, with proper care bestowed upon its growth and manufacture, will some day again be as good as ever it was; nevertheless, tobacco is in one sense a sensitive plant—the least stain upon its reputation and it is gone. Tobaccos, like wines, are much dependent upon the fashion of the hour for their fame. Just as there was a perfect rage for Madeira in India at one time, so there was a great demand for Manilla cheroots; but both have long gone out of fashion, though there are at present signs of Anglo-Indians returning to their old loves again.

When the Manilla cheroots were given up as hopeless, Europeans in India naturally looked about them for a substitute. Many in the North of India took to smoking "Burmans," or Burmah cigars, which are simply Cocanada or Lunkah tobacco carried over in leaf to Burmah, and manufactured in the latter place by skilful Burmese. Others endeavoured to stimulate the introduction or acclimatisation of choice foreign tobaccos in India, and the Indian Governments—that of Madras especially—seeing which way the wind blew, did everything that was possible to encourage the new industry. The collectors of Coimbatore, in the Madras Presidency—the same district in which the Nilgiri Hills are situated, and a district which grows a large quantity of tobacco—were instructed to experiment with seeds brought from Havannah, Manilla, and the most famous foreign tobacco plantations, and an experienced *savant* was deputed to make an analysis of the tobacco thus produced. He found it deficient in potash; and that is about the long and the short of the ill success of the experiment. Not, indeed, that foreign tobacco cannot be grown successfully in India. There is a very large quantity of Havannah tobacco both grown and consumed in the South, but it is a disappointment so far that it does not equal in quality the real Havannah cigars. It is decidedly inferior, and, according to analysis, because it is deficient in potash. I believe that a tobacco manufacturing company in the North of India has been much more successful, with, I have heard, American seed. The company in question is reported to be doing very well, their cake tobacco being pronounced by that competent judge, the British soldier in India, as good as the real American Cavendish, or gold leaf. To expect any of the known tobacco fields of India at present, however, to turn out cigars equal to Cuban Regalias, or Manilla Number One's, is to have a lively imagination. Even the Dutch at Java, although more enthusiastic experimenters in all that relates to acclimatisation than ourselves, cannot do it. I have smoked Java Manillas—that is to say Manilla tobacco grown in Java—and confess I found them no better than similar tobacco produced and manufactured in India. But it is very possible that as the cultivation of tobacco is better understood in India, and as more private capital is embarked in the enterprise, discoveries will be made which will place the Indian tobacco-fields on a level with those of Cuba and Manilla. In this event a new source of revenue will be presented to the Indian Government far exceeding anything it is ever likely to get from the Indian gold mines.

We now come to the native growths, and first of all to the celebrated Trichinopoly tobacco. The finest cigars of this kind are made from tobacco grown about Dindigul, in the Trichinopoly district; but I suspect that an immense quantity of the so-called Trichinopoly tobacco is simply tobacco grown in the southernmost parts of the Peninsula. A Trichinopoly cheroot is a very familiar object in Madras and Bombay, but it is not so often seen at home although excellent "Trichies," as they are affectionately called by their admirers, can be purchased in the shops of many London tobaccoconists. To be sure, there is the drawback of the English duty upon them. Were that lowered in the interests of the Indian Government, Trichinopolies might soon become as popular with our gilded youth as any of the highest brands of the Havannah. For the taste for Trichinopoly tobacco is like that for olives—it grows

upon one. Ten to one the first time a man smokes it he does not find it nice, but actually nasty. It tastes rank, coarse, and the smell of a bad Trichinopoly cigar is certainly abominable. The quantity of saltpetre in this tobacco is so great that on the commoner cheroots one can actually see the crystals, and this is counted as unrighteousness to Trichinopolies by most consumers of tobacco. The saltpetre in the plant is said, truly or untrue, to affect the heart's action, and certainly great smokers of Trichinopoly tobacco are often sufferers from dyspepsia, but how far that may be due to excess, or to Trichinopoly tobacco *per se*, I do not profess to decide. Then again, the appearance of the old-fashioned Trichinopoly cheroots—they are much better rolled now—was against them. Figure to yourself, as the French say, a thing a foot long, with a straw through the middle to keep the draught free, and called a cigar by courtesy! The outside leaf so rough as almost to scratch the fingers, and the whole thing powdered with a fine white dust, which on inquiry turns out to be saltpetre. That was the tobacco with which Europeans in the South of India were quite content so late as thirty years ago. It seems never to have occurred to them that their favourite tobacco—which was entirely in the hands of the natives—was capable of improvement. One thing, they got it cheap. These large Trichinopoly cheroots, coarsely made, but of pure tobacco, were sold for as little as five rupees, or ten shillings, a thousand, and I well recollect my surprise on first landing in India as a "griffin" at the great basketful of cigars which my servant brought me from the bazaar for the small sum of one rupee. Hookahs had not altogether gone out of fashion at that date. It was permitted to smoke a hookah after dinner, but no other tobacco, if ladies were present; and a few old fogies who could not get their post-prandial smoke any other way when they dined out, were wont to take their hookahs and hookabaders (hookah caretakers) to the various big dinners to which they were invited. How the ladies could have admitted hookahs to their presence, and tobacco cigars, is a wonder. For the scent of hookah tobacco—which is a tobacco mixed up with sundry other things—is sickening in the extreme. As the aroma of a really bad Trichinopoly cheroot, however, closely resembles an open drain, it is just possible that the ladies had only a Hobson's choice in the matter. But when Anglo-Indians began to smoke Indian cigars, and nothing else, they saw the necessity of improving them. Certain civil and military officers stationed at Trichinopoly took the affair in hand, and by encouraging the manufacture of better brands did much to improve the industry. These officers are still commemorated by the names of their favourite cheroots. There is Colonel Dawson's *muster* (pattern), Captain Thompson's *muster*, and so on. But it was not until Europeans took the manufacture of cigars into their own hands that there was any very marked improvement in the outward appearance of the cigars. A retired military officer, who superintended the manufacture himself, was the first to make Trichinopoly tobacco popular out of the Madras Presidency. His cigars, of which he sold large quantities,—were nearly as well made as Havannahs. They were smooth, and without the ugly straw inside, and were an immense improvement upon the old weeds. Others have followed in that gentleman's footsteps, and it is now possible to buy a Trichinopoly cigar or cheroot which will not indicate the most primitive manufacture. But the quality of the tobacco remains very much the same as it was before. Despite all the care that can be taken in selecting the finest leaf there is a certain coarseness about Trichinopoly tobacco which repels at first. When one becomes accustomed to the flavour this does not much matter; still, there is all the difference between Trichinopoly and Cuban tobacco that there is between a rough wine and a smooth, between Spanish port and *Chateau Margaux*. Smokers of this tobacco, notwithstanding, prefer it to any other. And there is perhaps no tobacco which can boast of so many inveterate smokers as the leaf that grows near Dindigul. I have known a man who never had a Trichinopoly cheroot out of his mouth except when he was eating, drinking, or sleeping, and I must qualify the latter interval a little, because he used to go to sleep with the inevitable cheroot in his mouth. Those who have long smoked Trichinopoly tobacco complain that no other tobacco has any "taste" after it, and this is easy to understand, considering the remarkably "full flavour" of their fancy.

A very different tobacco is the Lunkah tobacco of the Godaveri district, of which there is also a large sale in India and abroad. The best of this tobacco is grown on the islands of the River Godaveri, "Lunkah" being the local name for "island." The Godaveri, like the Nile, carries down a great deal of mud and silt in the annual "freshests," and this fertilises the islands which, at other times, are merely sand and mud banks of the river's dry bed. Tobacco grows with great luxuriance on these so-called islands, and the Lunkah cigars are consequently famous. The Lunkah, or Cocanada tobacco, is milder in flavour than that of Trichinopoly, and is preferred by new comers to the other. It has a fragrant aroma, and burns a very white ash. The price of good cigars on the spot is at present about six shillings a hundred, and there are two or three European firms engaged in the manufacture. A drawback of Lunkah cigars—at least so I have found it—is that they do not keep well. They seem to be favourite food of certain insects which puncture small holes in the cigars, and render them, of course, unsmokeable, and they are also liable to get very dry and to crumble away. The latter evil may be remedied, however, by keeping them well packed in tin. Great care is now taken with the preparation of the leaf, and with all the process of manufacture; nevertheless, the Lunkah cigar just stops short of excellence. There is something wanting to put it on a par with a good Manilla or Havannah cigar; but this desideratum, whatever it is, may yet be discovered, for experts speak highly of the Cocanada tobacco, which is also exported in large quantities to that nation of most inveterate smokers, the Burmese. It is a very singular and noteworthy fact that the Cocanada tobacco has a quite distinct character after it has undergone the manipulation of the Burmese. I believe the Burmese do not add anything to it; that it is as pure as when it left the peninsula of Hindostan; but no smoker can fail to detect the difference in flavour between a Cocanada cheroot made in Burmah, and one manufactured at Cocanada itself. I attribute a good deal of the difference to change of climate. Cocanada is hot and dry, Burmah wet, and doubtless the tobacco leaf undergoes some sort of transformation in the packing, the sea voyage, and the damp atmosphere of its new home. If this is so it might be well to try experiments with Indian leaf tobacco in other places. For instance, it would be curious to see what would happen if "Lunkah" or Trichinopoly tobacco was carried up to the comparatively cold climate of the Nilgiri Hills, and there manufactured into cigars? I have an idea, though it is of course only an idea, that the intensely dry heat of the Indian plains has to be credited to some extent with the inferiority of Indian cigars. It is not easy to get what one might call a "mellow" cigar in India, and this is perhaps because the tobacco dries too quickly. Cocanada cigars, in my opinion, do not improve with keeping. But Trichinopolies, if hermetically sealed up in tin, are all the better for it.

The Burman cigars, are, I think, the mildest of all Indian cigars, and, when they draw well,—which is not always the case,—the best smoking. In Burmah every one, men, women, and even babies in arms, smoke incessantly, and it does not seem to do them any harm. The Burmese are, generally speaking, neater in their work and ways than the Indians, and so they roll up their cigars in very peculiar shapes. There is one Burman pattern of cigar which looks like nothing so much as a black leather shoe thong, and there is yet another that resembles a miniature mortar. I suspect the climate

is of great advantage in the matter of cigar-making, for the climate of Burmah more nearly resembles that of Manilla than does the dry heat of the Indian peninsula. In Singapore, too, and on the Malayan peninsula, a considerable quantity of Indian tobacco is consumed; so, remembering how much is grown, how much smoked, it is somewhat surprising that the Government of India have never in times past taxed tobacco. The native of India is said to be the most lightly taxed person in the world, and certainly his tobacco costs him next to nothing, which is one reason why the tobacco is bad. If a duty were put upon Indian tobacco it would be better worth cultivation, and more care would be bestowed upon it. When a thing grows like a weed, and is treated like a weed, we cannot expect it to be first-class. The very cheapness of tobacco, too, has prevented the natives from learning what good tobacco is like. They are content, for the most part, to smoke anything, however rough and pungent it may be, and the rank and fibrous character of the uncultivated plant has necessitated their mixing it with drugs, sugar, and spices. This is one reason why the native of India prefers a "hubble-bubble" or hookah to a cigar or pipe. The long tube and rose water through which the smoke has to pass mitigates, to some extent, the coarseness of the tobacco; but I have no doubt that when the natives of India take to cigarette smoking, like the Turks, and throw away their hookahs and medicated mixtures, the tobacco of India must as a natural consequence improve, for greater pains will be taken with its growth.

The Government of India is now encouraging the development of resources by private capital as much as possible, and there are probably few speculations in that direction which would pay better than a well managed tobacco plantation and manufactory in the Trichinopoly or Godaveri districts. The amount of capital required would be considerable—not less than one hundred thousand pounds—for insufficiency of capital and want of proper superintendence have been at the bottom of most of the failures in Indian speculations of late. Skilled planters and cigar makers would have to be introduced from Manilla or Cuba, and experiments would have to be tried with imported and indigenous seed, and with various manures, both natural and artificial. It is as hard to produce a fine tobacco as a fine wine. I have heard that in Cuba the tobacco on one side of a small stream is of the finest quality, while that on the other is much inferior; but we all know how much can be done with careful cultivation. Of this care, so essential to the production of fine tobacco, the native of India has but little idea. Although tobacco is a crop which soon exhausts the soil, the native cultivator is careless about renewing it with manure. The result is that the tobacco leaf of India has not been kept up to the mark, but has gone on steadily deteriorating with the want of attention.

The directors of a company, such as is spoken of above, would have to determine whether it would be preferable to improve the local tobacco to the highest point it is capable of attaining, or to try and beat Cuba and Manilla with seed imported from those islands. My own opinion is, that the distinct character of Trichinopoly and Lunkah tobaccos ought to be preserved, and that effort only should be made to free them of their present manifest defects. The imported seed is said to give a tobacco which falls off in quality year by year, and certainly it would be hard to guess that some of the cigars actually manufactured from Cuban seed grown in India were of the well-known Havannah type, for they have none of its flavour. The Trichinopoly and Lunkah tobaccos, however, are not liable to this deterioration—except in so far that careless cultivation will make them rank and coarse—while they are, on the other hand, susceptible of great improvement. Now and then one comes upon a choice Trichy or Lunkah which has been carefully made and carefully kept, and which promises great things. One naturally asks when a cigar so nearly perfect can be produced without the same care, capital, knowledge, and experience deemed indispensable at Manilla and Havannah what must be the future of Indian tobacco when it is similarly favoured? It is not impossible that one day tobacco will take a prominent place in the exports of India. But before this can happen private capital must be largely invested in the new industry, for the Government of India can hardly be expected to create a tobacco monopoly for itself. F. E. W.

SOCIAL CLUBS ON THE EUROPEAN SYSTEM are being introduced in Japan by a number of native gentlemen lately returned from abroad.

MORMON BALLS IN UTAH are opened with prayer, and are only joined in by those persons approved by the Bishop of the Ward, the dances being held under episcopal sanction and patronage in the district meeting-house.

THE BARBAROUS CUSTOM OF SUTTEE still lingers in India, and a case is reported from the Rajpootana States within the last few months. A thakoor's widow burned herself in the Duni district of Jeypore, but the District Court brought those concerned to justice, inflicting sentences of from three to seven years' imprisonment.

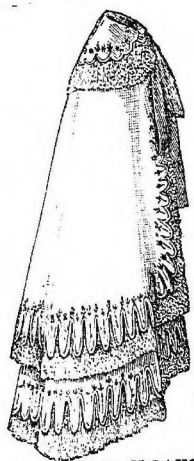
THE BEAUTIFUL JAPANESE LACQUER, so appreciated nowadays by European amateurs, is growing scarce and much more costly. This is due to the abolition of the old laws protecting the lacquer-tree, and which in ancient times required each family, according to rank, to rear a certain number of trees. Those belonging to the upper classes were bound to cultivate one hundred trees, the middle classes seventy, and the lower classes forty trees. Now that these regulations no longer exist, wood-cutters fell the trees in large numbers, and will soon destroy them altogether if precautions are not taken.

THE ROMAN GHETTO is fast being demolished to make room for modern improvements, and thus another historic Israelitish quarter will soon be as much a thing of the past as the Frankfort Judengasse. The house where St. Paul dwelt, according to tradition, is among those doomed, much to the regret of Roman antiquarians, but, as the *Italian Times* points out, the halo of romance investing the Ghetto was purely imaginative, for in reality the quarter was nothing but a den of very dirty thieves.

CAMELS are becoming naturalised in the Californian deserts, where they seem as much at home as in their native land. Some years since a herd of camels was imported by the American Government for the use of the army in New Mexico and Arizona, and, although the animals answered the purpose well, they were eventually disused through the complaints of the drivers of mule and donkey trains, whose beasts were frightened by the foreigners. Afterwards the camels carried ore for the miners, but lately they have been turned loose on the banks of the Rio Colorado, and greatly enjoy their liberty.

THE KINGDOM OF CAMBODIA, which has just been annexed by our French neighbours, is about as large as a sixth part of France. It is a fertile and productive region, yielding plentiful minerals, game, and fish—indeed, the fisheries of the Great Lake are the chief resource of the country, the exports bringing in some 400,000*l.* yearly. The Me-kong waters the country, and the most productive district borders the river, villages being clustered thickly along the banks, where the inhabitants cultivate cotton, tobacco, indigo, and the mulberry tree. Beyond this zone is a region of swamps and lakes, where the fishing is carried on, and further back is another watery district, occupied by rice and melon culture. Then comes the zone of the higher plains, with valuable forest trees, producing oil, lacquer, &c.; and lastly, the mountains, yielding a harvest of india-rubber, vanilla, &c. Elephants and rhinoceros inhabit the forests, but tigers and leopards are rare.

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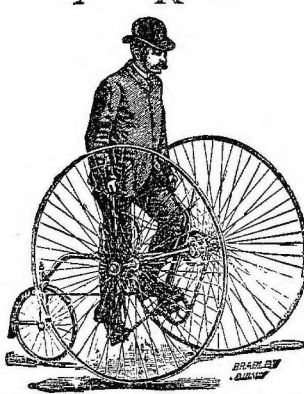
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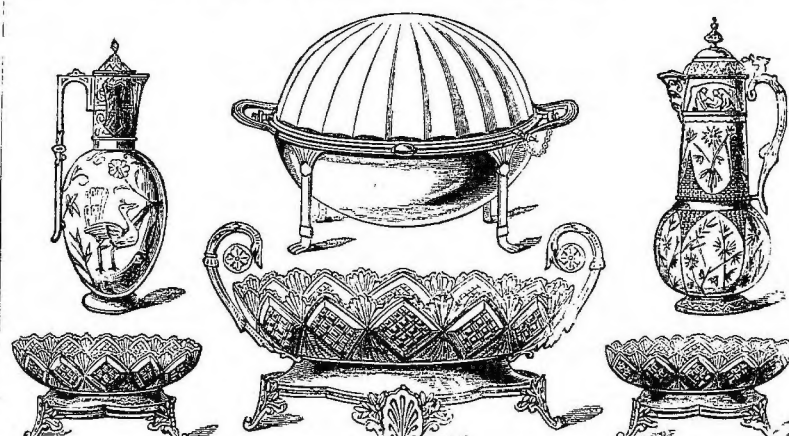
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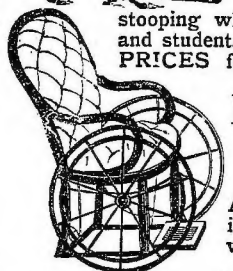
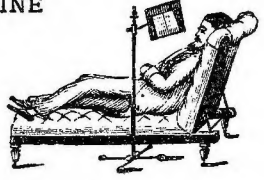
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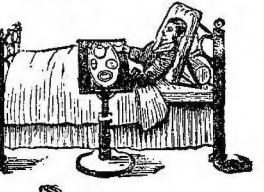
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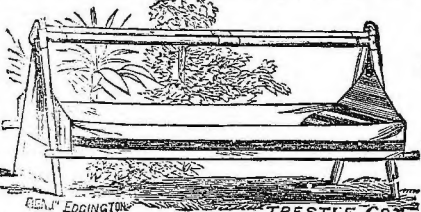
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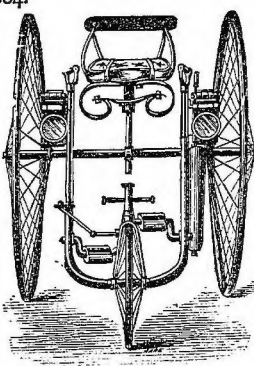
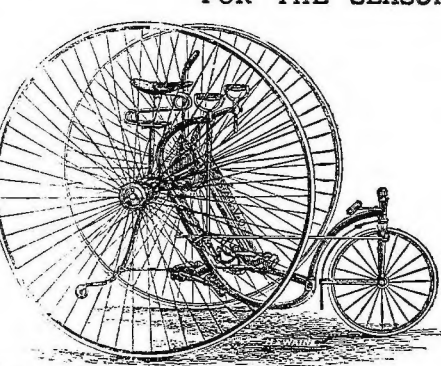
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